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THE  
**BOSTON COLLECTION**

OF



SACRED AND DEVOTIONAL

**Hymns :**

INTENDED TO ACCOMMODATE CHRISTIANS ON SPECIAL  
AND STATED OCCASIONS.



Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the con-  
gregation of saints. PSALM cxlii.

Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing. ISAIAH xlvi.

---

Boston :

PUBLISHED BY MANNING AND LORING, NO. 2,  
CORNHILL.

1808.

*District of Massachusetts, to wit :*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-second day of January, in the thirty-second year of the independence of the United States of America, MANNING & LORING, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, *to wit* : "The Boston Collection of sacred and devotional Hymns: intended to accommodate Christians on special and stated occasions. — Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints. Psal. cxlii. Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing. Isa. xlii."

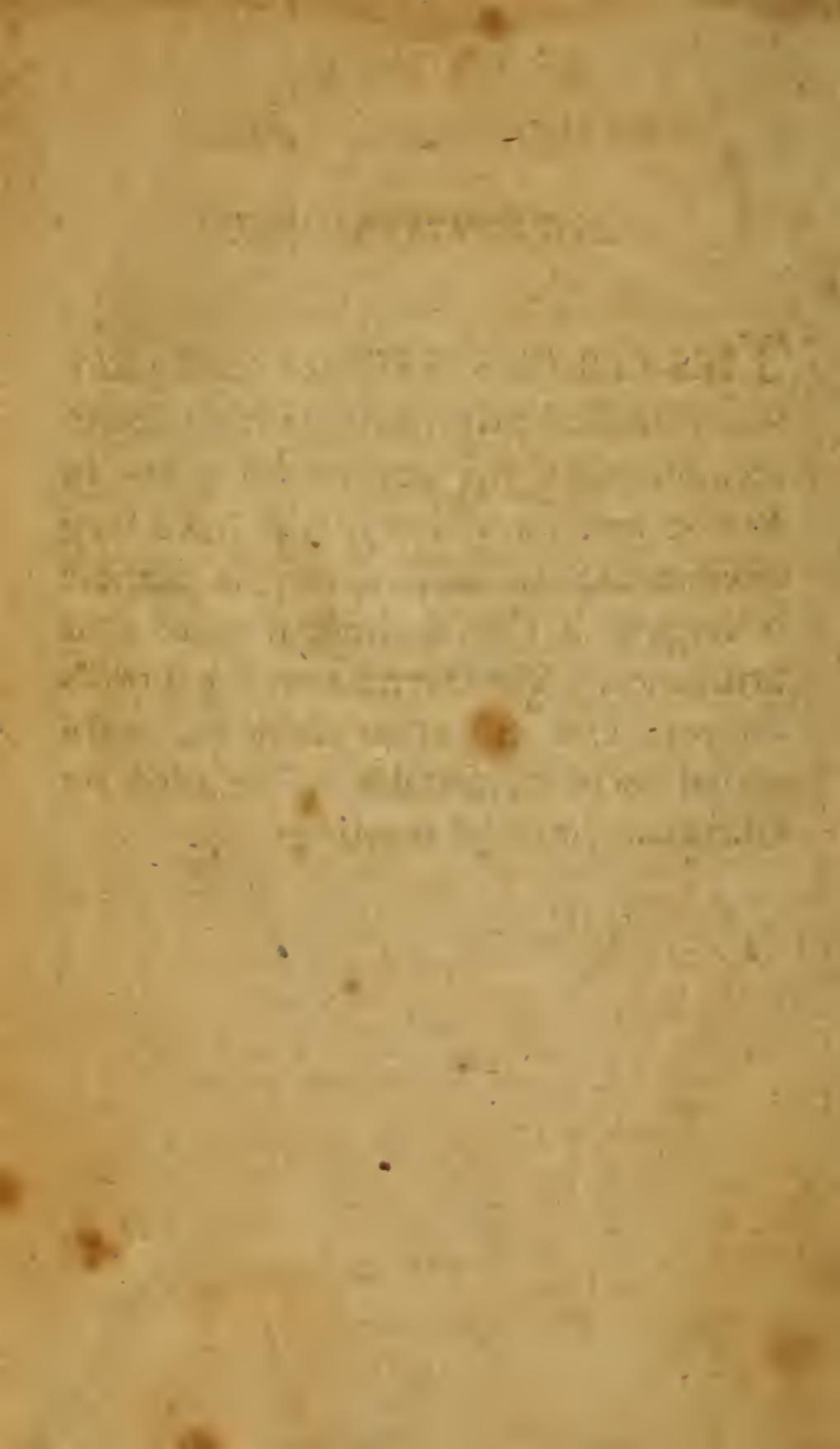
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WILLIAM S. SHAW, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

## *ADVERTISEMENT.*

THIS Collection of Hymns on Baptism was compiled principally with a view to accommodate the Baptist Churches in Boston and its vicinity, who have long desired such a collection, for the purpose of singing at the administration of that ordinance. The Hymns on the Lord's Supper, and on other subjects, were added as being suitable to be used by Christians in social meetings,

BOSTON,  
JAN. 1808, }



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# Hymns.

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## BAPTISM.

HYMN 1. H. M.

BURNHAM.

*Invocation before immersion.*

1    LORD of abounding grace,  
Step from thy bending throne ;  
With thy approving smiles  
This institution crown ;  
In strains of rapture may we sing,  
Whilst we confess our Lord and King.

2    Jordan we call to mind,  
Where Jesus was baptiz'd ;  
Where the eternal God  
Proclaim'd himself well pleas'd ;  
Where brightest rays of glory shone  
Around the everlasting Son.

3    Inspir'd with love and zeal,  
The grateful saints pursue  
Th' appointed paths of God,  
With Jesus in their view !  
They own their Saviour strong to save ;  
They own him in the watery grave.

4    Now, Jesus, come, and own  
This ordinance of thine ;  
O bless thy waiting saints  
With comforts all divine ;  
Give them a soul-refreshing sight  
Of the blest realms of heavenly light.

## HYMN 2. L. P. M.

*Christ baptized in Jordan.*

1 IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,  
Immersing the repenting Jews ;  
The SON of GOD the rite demands,  
Nor dares the holy man refuse :  
JESUS descends beneath the wave,  
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens ! your Maker lies  
In deeps conceal'd from human view ;  
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise ;  
A fit example this for you :  
The sacred record, while you read,  
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But lo ! from yonder opening skies,  
What beams of dazzling glory spread !  
Dove-like the ETERNAL SPIRIT flies,  
And lights on the Redeemer's head ;  
Amaz'd they see, the power divine  
Around the Saviour's temples shine.

4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore !  
What sounds are those that roll along,  
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,  
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song !  
" This is my well-beloved Son,  
" I see well-pleas'd what he hath done."

5 Thus the ETERNAL FATHER spoke,  
Who shakes creation with a nod ;  
Through parting skies the accents broke,  
And bid us hear the SON of GOD :  
O hear the awful word to-day ;  
Hear, all ye nations, and obey !

## HYMN 3. L. M.

WATTS.

*Christ's commission to his ministers.*

1 TWAS the commission of our Lord,  
"Go, teach the nations and baptize."  
The nations have receiv'd the word  
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 "Repent and be baptiz'd," he saith,  
"For the remission of your sins;"  
And thus our sense assists our faith,  
And shews us what his gospel means:

3 Our souls he washes in his blood,  
As water makes the body clean;  
And the good Spirit from our God  
Descends like purifying rain.

4 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,  
Obedient follow Christ our Lord;  
O may the great eternal Three  
In heav'n our solemn vows record!

## HYMN 4. C. M.

BEDDOME.

*Morning before baptism; or, at the water side.*

Psalm cxix. 32.

1 HOW great, how solemn is the work,  
Which we attend to-day!  
Now for a holy, solemn frame,  
O God, to thee we pray.

2 C may we feel, as once we felt,  
When, pain'd and griev'd at heart,  
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look  
Reliev'd our every smart.

3 Let graces then in exercise  
Be exercis'd again;

And, nurtur'd by celestial power,  
In exercise remain.

4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,  
Wake fortitude and joy ;  
Vain world, be gone ; let things above  
Our happy thoughts employ.

5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,  
To all around we own,  
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,  
Each traitor from the throne.

6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,  
To heaven our passions raise ;  
That hence our lives, our all may be  
Devoted to thy praise.

## HYMN 5. L. M.

BURNHAM,

*Immersion the appointed mode.*

1 WHEN we baptize, we see the mode  
In honour'd Jordan's swelling flood ;  
We're deaf to vain tradition's voice ;  
The way Christ chose becomes our choice.

2 Down in the stream they both descend,  
And John immers'd the sinner's Friend ;  
Out of the water straightway came  
The church's Head, th' obedient Lamb.

3 The Baptist saw the heavenly Dove  
Descend from op'ning heavens above ;  
And now the Father's voice is heard,  
Approving thus th' Incarnate Word :

4 " This, this is my beloved Son,  
" Well pleas'd am I with what he's done ;  
" In all things he my will obeys,  
" Then hear and trust whate'er he says."

5 Now, ye believing souls, regard  
Th' example of your glorious Lord ;  
Walk in his honour'd paths, and prove  
How much your souls his precepts love.

## HYMN 6. Sevens.

ORIGINAL.

*The candidate's soliloquy before his immersion.*

1 HEAVENLY raptures fill my soul ;  
While I gaze on Jesus' tomb ;  
There no waves of trouble roll,  
In its bosom there is room.

2 Long I sought, but sought in vain,  
How I might evade his call,  
Till at length my will was slain,  
Jesus now is all in all.

3 Precious souls, who linger still,  
Or who wait for clearer light,  
All that's wanting is a will,  
Gospel truth is shining bright.

4 Take the Bible, read with care,  
Heed no argument beside :  
Follow Jesus, live in prayer,  
Let the Spirit be your guide.

## HYMN 7. L. M.

ORIGINAL.

*Duty pleasant.*

1 TWAS long by works of righteousness  
The favour of the Lord I sought,  
Till, struck with force of truth divine,  
My mind to solemn pause was brought.

2 The law condemn'd my soul to hell ;  
Conscience pronounc'd the sentence just.

All hope from creatures wholly fled,  
Myself I view'd entirely lost !

3 To God with fearful heart I cry'd,  
' Lord, save ; I perish in thy wrath ;'  
" Behold the Lamb," the Baptist said,  
" He saves the soul condemn'd to death."

4 With joy my soul the word receiv'd,  
My heart to Jesus quickly fled ;  
In him true liberty I found,  
And conscience from his wrath was freed.

5 Now precious are his sweet commands !  
And, wash'd in his atoning blood,  
My conscience bids me follow him,  
Who was immers'd in Jordan's flood.

6 In this blest ord'nance I behold  
A type of his illustrious grace,  
Which, like a fountain, overflows,  
To cleanse the soul it doth embrace.

7 His death and resurrection too  
Appear, to draw my soul to God :  
My conscience feels a sacred peace,  
Relying on his precious blood.

## HYMN 8. C. M.

S. STENNETT.

*The cloud and the sea.*

1 WHEN from Egyptian slavery  
The Hebrews were redeem'd,  
The parted seas and covering cloud  
A grave to Israel seem'd.

2 But soon the joyful tribes emerge,  
And stand upon the shore ;  
With grateful hearts and tuneful tongues  
Their Saviour's name adore.

3 He made th' obsequious waves retire,  
His favourite tribes to save ;

Made them a way to liberty,  
Where Egypt found a grave.

4 Thus Jacob's sons, baptiz'd of old  
To Moses in the sea,  
Sav'd by God's arm, themselves devote  
His statutes to obey.

5 So from the bondage of our sins,  
Redeem'd by sovereign grace,  
We through his watery sepulchre  
Our Saviour's footsteps trace.

6 Our sins, the worst of enemies,  
Are in a figure, drown'd ;  
To a new life our souls are rais'd,  
With tender mercy crown'd.

7 To thee, O Jesus, may we live,  
Devoted to thy fear ;  
Thee will we love, thee will we praise,  
And all thy laws revere.

## HYMN 9. C. M.

ORIGINAL.

*Profession of faith necessary before administration.*

1 WHILE Philip scann'd the sacred page  
The eunuch just had read,  
A certain water rose to view,  
And thus the Ethiop' said :

2 ' See here an emblematic flood,  
' And what doth hinder me  
' To be baptiz'd, as Jesus taught,  
' And bear his cross with thee ?'

3 The faithful preacher thus reply'd,  
" If thou believe, thou may'it ;"  
' I do,' he said—they quick descend,  
And to the water haste.

4 Intent on duty's call, they go  
 Down through the yielding stream ;  
 And straight the eunuch was baptiz'd  
 In Jesus' precious name.

5 So now the willing converts pres'  
 To hear the joyful sound ;  
 And those who hear and live, are all  
 In sweet obedience found.

## HYMN 10. L. M.

*Trials after pleasant obedience.*

1 WHEN the eternal Son of God  
 Had been baptiz'd in Jordan's flood ;  
 To the lone desert he repairs,  
 And sore temptation firmly bears.

2 Should you that have been now baptiz'd  
 Be thus with Satan's darts surpris'd ;  
 Lift up to heaven your joyful eyes,  
 Your hope, your help in Jesus lies.

3 Never presume to think or say  
 The stream has wash'd your sins away :  
 Never depend on what's your own,  
 Nor trust to works nor duties done.

4 Each rite, which truth and love ordain,  
 Points to the Lamb that once was slain ;  
 Our wand'ring thoughts to him they call,  
 The centre and the soul of all.

5 Baptiz'd with Christ, be this your aim,  
 To dignify the Christian name ;  
 With him aspire to things above,  
 And put on Christ in faith and love.

## HYMN 11. 5 &amp; 6.

HART.

*Fountain opened for sinners. Zec. xiii. 1.*

1 THE fountain of Christ,  
Lord, help us to sing,  
The blood of our Priest,  
Our crucify'd King ;  
The fountain that cleanses  
From sin and from filth,  
And richly dispenses  
Salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear  
He'll freely impart ;  
When pierc'd by the spear,  
It flow'd from his heart  
With blood and with water ;  
The first to atone,  
To cleanse us the latter :  
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt  
Not only makes pure,  
And gives, soon as felt,  
Infallible cure ;  
But if guilt removed  
Return and remain,  
Its power may be proved  
Again and again.

4 This fountain unseal'd  
Stands open for all  
Who long to be heal'd,  
The great and the small ;  
Here's strength for the weakly  
That hither are led ;  
Here's health for the sickly,  
And life for the dead.

5 This fountain, though rich,  
From charge is quite clear;  
The poorer the wretch  
The welcomer here :  
Come needy, and guilty,  
Come loathsome, and bare ;  
Though leprous and filthy,  
Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain  
Has never been try'd,  
It takes out all stain  
Whenever apply'd :  
The fountain flows sweetly  
With virtue divine,  
To cleanse souls completely,  
Though leprous as mine.

## HYMN 12. H. M.

*The practice of ancient Christians.*

1 NEVER does truth more shine  
With beams of heav'nly light,  
Than when the scriptures join  
To prove it plain and right ;  
Than when each text doth each explain,  
And all unite to speak the same.

2 Thus Peter, who obey'd  
What Jesus said, was wise,  
And preach'd as he was led,  
Repent, and be baptiz'd ;  
Thus Philip did t' the eunuch say,  
If you believe in Christ, you may.  
3 Paul preach'd the word of grace,  
Whole households did believe,

And were baptiz'd to Christ,  
 Whose gospel they'd receiv'd ;  
 Thus Christians were of ancient date,  
 As sacred history does relate.

4 We see 'tis no new thing,  
 To teach, and then baptize ;  
 Thus saints did first begin  
 Christ's ordinance to prize ;  
 This makes us cheerfully obey,  
 And follow as they led the way.

## HYMN 13. C. M.

NEWTON.

*Self-dedication.*

1 'TIS Jesus, from the mercy-seat,  
 Invites me to his rest ;  
 He calls poor sinners to his feet,  
 To make them truly blest.

2 Approach, my soul, to wisdom's gate,  
 While it is call'd to-day ;  
 No one who watches there, and waits,  
 Shall e'er be turn'd away.

3 He will not let me seek in vain,  
 For all who trust his word  
 Shall everlasting life obtain,  
 And favour from the Lord.

4 Lord, I have hated thee too long,  
 And dar'd thee to thy face ;  
 I've done my soul exceeding wrong  
 In slighting all thy grace.

5 Now I would break my league with death,  
 And live to thee alone ;  
 O let the holy life of faith  
 Evince me for thine own.

6 Let all the saints assembled here,  
 Yea, let all heav'n rejoice ;  
 That I begin with this new rite  
 To make the Lord my choice.

## HYMN 14. C. M.

HART.

*Looking to God in the ordinance.*

1 FATHER of heav'n, thee we address ;  
 (Obedience is our view)  
 Accept us in thy Son, and bless  
 The work we have to do.

2 Jesus, as water well apply'd  
 Will make the body clean ;  
 So in the fountain of thy side -  
 Wash thou the soul from sin.

3 Celestial Dove, descend from high,  
 And on the water brood ;  
 And with thy quickening pow'r apply  
 The water and the blood.

4 Great God, Three One, again we call,  
 And our request renew,  
 Accept in Christ, and bless withal  
 The work we've now to do.

## HYMN 15. S. M.

HART.

*Cleansing by the blood of Christ.*

1 BY what amazing ways,  
 The Lord is pleas'd t' explain  
 The wonders of his sovereign grace  
 Towards the sons of men !

2 He shews us first, how foul  
 Our nature's made by sin,

Then teaches the believing soul  
The way to make it clean.

3 This ordinance declares  
What need we have to cleanse,  
Then shews that Christ to all God's heirs  
Can purity dispense.

4 Water the body laves ;  
And, if 'tis done by faith,  
The blood of Jesus surely saves  
The sinful soul from death.

5 Water no man denies :  
But, brethren, rest not there ;  
'Tis faith in Christ that justifies,  
And makes the conscience clear.

6 Baptiz'd into his death,  
We rise to life divine :  
The Holy Spirit gives us faith ;  
And water is the sign.

## HYMN 16. L. M.

HART.

*Looking unto Jesus.*

1 BURY'D in baptism with our Lord,  
We rise with him, to life restor'd.  
Not the bare life in Adam lost,  
But richer far ; for more it cost.

2 Water can cleanse the flesh, we own ;  
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,  
How dear to him our cleansing stood,  
Baptiz'd with fire, and bath'd in blood.

3 His was a baptism deep indeed,  
O'er feet and body, hands and head.  
He in his body purg'd our sin :  
A little water makes us clean.

4 We taste, 'tis true, his bitter cup,  
But only he could drink it up ;  
To burn for us was his desire,  
And he baptizes us with fire.

5 This fire will not consume, but melt ;  
How soft, compar'd with that he felt !  
Thus cleans'd from filth, and purg'd from dross,  
Baptized Christian, bear the cro'ss.

## HYMN 17. C. M.

NEWTON.

*Christ hastening to his baptism of sufferings...*

1 THE Saviour, what a noble flame  
Was kindled in his breast,  
When, hastening to Jerusalem,  
He march'd before the rest !

2 Good will to men and zeal for God  
His every thought engrosses :  
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood ;  
He pants to reach his cro'ss.

3 With all his suff'rings full in view,  
And woes to us unknown,  
Forth to the task his spirit flew :  
'Twas love that urg'd him on.

4 Lord, we return thee what we can !  
Our hearts shall found abroad  
Salvation to the dying Man,  
And to the rising God !

5 And while thy bleeding glories here  
Engage our wond'ring eyes,  
We learn our lighter cro'ss to bear,  
And hasten to the skies.

## HYMN 18. 8 &amp; 7.

BURNHAM.

*Love the essence of obedience.*

- 1 O YE blood-wash'd, ransom'd sinners,  
Highly favour'd of the Lord,  
Now ye prove your love to Jesus,  
By regarding his blest word.
- 2 See his watery tomb before you :  
Hear him echo—"Follow me;"  
For beneath the streams of Jordan  
Christ, your great Redeemer, lay.
- 3 Yes—beneath those honour'd waters  
Was immers'd the Lord we own ;  
As he rises God pronounces  
"This is my beloved Son."
- 4 Love constrains you all to follow  
Jesus to his liquid grave ;  
Now look up, expect his presence,  
Which he promis'd you should have.
- 5 Jesus, come ; thine approbation  
May we gladly see and feel ;  
Cause, O cause the heavens to open,  
And thy wondrous love reveal.

## HYMN 19. L. M.

ORIGINAL.

*Lydia's prompt obedience.*

- 1 AT fam'd Philippi's river side,  
Where humble Christians often came,  
Looking to Him who answers pray'r,  
Through Jesus' ever-precious name.
- 2 The blest disciples, on the day  
When saints assembled truth to hear,  
Engag'd to publish glorious grace,  
Spake to the women gather'd there.
- 3 O Jesus, the redeeming God,  
Their faithful souls and tongues were full ;

And Lydia's open'd heart receiv'd  
The gracious words declar'd by Paul.

4 Baptiz'd, obedient to the truth  
And great example of her Lord,  
The place a Bethel now appear'd  
In which her heart embrac'd the word.

5 Delighted with these saints of God,  
In fellowship with them, she said,  
" If me to Christ ye faithful judge,  
" Come to my house and there abide."

6 Thus when the Saviour opes the heart,  
Enlarging it to duty's call,  
The humble soul his children loves,  
And kindly greets and welcomes all.

## HYMN 20. C. M.

BURNHAM.

*The authority and presence of Christ.*

1 LORD, may the messengers of peace  
Thy blessed truth proclaim ;  
And, sway'd by force of sovereign grace,  
Baptize in thy great name.

2 Lord, while thy saints thus follow thee,  
Thy glory is their aim ;  
Constrain'd by love, they long to be  
Baptiz'd in thy great name.

3 Come, Jesus, in thy flaming car,  
Thy mercy now proclaim ;  
Smile on thy children, while they are  
Baptiz'd in thy great name.

4 Lord, bid our every fear be gone,  
Support each weaker frame ;  
Bless'd with thy presence, we'll go on,  
Baptizing in thy name.

## HYMN 21. L. M.

*Profession of faith necessary before immersion.*

- 1 "GO, teach the nations, and baptize,"  
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries :  
His glad apostles took the word,  
And round the nations preach'd their Lord.
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,  
We to his holy laver bring  
These happy converts, who have known  
And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,  
O blefs them with peculiar grace :  
Refresh their souls with love divine ;  
Let beams of glory round them shine.

## HYMN 22. L. M.

BURNHAM.

*Desiring Christ's presence.*

- 1 NOW, thou exalted Prince of Peace,  
Behold the subjects of thy grace ;  
Drawn by the pleasing cords of love,  
In wisdom's ways they sweetly move.
- 2 When in the water they descend,  
There may they meet the sinner's Friend,  
Smiling from yonder blissful throne,  
Sending immortal blessings down.
- 3 O may they find beneath the wave,  
That Christ is in the liquid grave ;  
May they sink deep in love divine,  
And feel the death of self and sin.
- 4 When from the honour'd stream they rise,  
And view the pleasant op'ning skies,  
May the bright beams of light appear,  
Proving the Lord is truly here.

## HYMN 23. L. M.

J. STENNETT.

*Dying and rising with Christ.*

1 THE great Redeemer we adore,  
 Who came the lost to seek and save ;  
 Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,  
 To find a tomb beneath its wave !

2 " Thus it becomes us to fulfil  
 " All righteousness," he meekly said ;  
 Why should we then to do his will,  
 Or be ashame'd, or be afraid ?

3 With thee into thy watery tomb,  
 Lord, 'tis our glory to descend :  
 'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room  
 To lie interr'd by such a friend.

4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,  
 To let us see the light again ;  
 So on the resurrection day,  
 The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.

5 Thus when thou shalt again appear,  
 The gates of death shall open wide ;  
 Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,  
 And rise and triumph at thy side.

## HYMN 24. 5 &amp; 11.

BURNHAM.

*The answer of a good conscience.*

1 'TIS Jesus doth save,  
 The witness we have,  
 When bury'd with him in the watery grave.

2 And when we arise,  
 We lift up our eyes,  
 And see, with amazement, the opening skies.

3 Jehovah comes down,  
The precept to own, [crown.  
And doth with his presence the ordinance

4 And sweetly we prove,  
By whispers of love,  
That we shall soon meet in the regions above.

## HYMN 25. C. P. M.

NORMAN.

*Thus it becomeith us, &c.* Matt. iii. 15.

1 THUS it became the Prince of Grace,  
And thus should all the favour'd race  
High Heaven's behest fulfil ;  
For that the condescending God  
Should lead his followers through the flood,  
Was Heaven's eternal will.

2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice,  
We make these ways our favour'd choice,  
And thus with zeal pursue :  
No ; heaven's eternal sovereign Lord  
Has, in the precepts of his word,  
Enjoin'd us thus to do.

3 And shall we ever dare despise  
The gracious mandate of the skies,  
Where condescending Heaven  
To sinful man's apostate race,  
In matchless love, and boundless grace,  
His will reveal'd has given ?

4 Thou everlasting, gracious King,  
Assist us now thy grace to sing,  
And still direct our way  
To those bright realms of peace and rest,  
Where all th' exulting tribes are bless'd  
With one great choral day.

## HYMN 26. C. M.

J. STENNETT.

*Come, see the place where the Lord lay.*

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd  
In Jordan's swelling flood,  
To shew he must be soon baptiz'd  
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 **T**hus was his sacred body laid  
Beneath the yielding wave ;  
Thus was his sacred body rais'd  
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 **L**ord, we thy precepts would obey,  
In thy own footsteps tread ;  
Would die, be bury'd, rise with thee,  
Our ever-living Head.

## HYMN 27. P. M.

BURNHAM.

*Peace and duty connected.*

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, before we leave thy courts,  
We offer grateful praise ;  
For still do we prove  
The wonders of love,  
While walking in Jesus's ways.
- 2 **S**urely thy presence fills the place,  
Thy stately steps we see ;  
And happily find  
Sweet peace in the mind,  
While Jesus's word we obey.
- 3 **O** blessed Lord, this great command  
To every heart proclaim ;  
Thy mercy display,  
While thousands obey,  
And cheerfully follow the Lamb.

## HYMN 28. L. M.

WATTS.

*Believers buried with their Lord.*

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,  
That we are bury'd with the Lord ;  
Baptiz'd into his death, and then  
Put off the body of our sin ?
- 2 **O**ur souls receive diviner breath,  
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death :  
So from the grave did Christ arise,  
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 **N**o more let sin nor Satan reign  
Over our mortal flesh again ;  
The various lusts we serv'd before  
Shall have dominion now no more.

## HYMN 29. L. M.

J. STENNETT.

*Walking in the steps of Jesus.*

- 1 **S**EE how the willing converts trace  
The path their great Redeemer trod ;  
And follow through his liquid grave,  
The meek, the lowly Son of God !
- 2 **H**ere they renounce their former deeds,  
And to a heavenly life aspire ;  
Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd,  
They shine in clean and bright attire !
- 3 **O** sacred rite, by thee the name  
Of Jesus we to own begin :  
This is the resurrection pledge,  
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.
- 4 **G**lory to God on high be given,  
Who shews his grace to sinful men ;  
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven  
In concert join their loud Amen.

## HYMN 30. L. M.

*Grateful obedience.*

- 1 COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Come and obey his sacred word ;  
He dy'd and rose again for you ;  
What more could the Redeemer do.
- 2 We to this place are come to show  
What we to boundless mercy owe ;  
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,  
And tread the path he trod before.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
On these baptismal waters move ;  
That we, through energy divine,  
May have the substance with the sign.

## HYMN 31. 8 &amp; 7.

FAWCETT.

*Invitation to follow the Lamb.*

- 1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,  
Hear the voice of revelation,  
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
- 2 Flee to him, your only Saviour,  
In his mighty name confide ;  
In the whole of your behaviour  
Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 3 Hear the great Redeemer call you,  
Listen to his gracious voice ;  
Dread no ills that can befall you,  
While you make his ways your choice.
- 4 Jesus says, " Let each believer  
" Be baptized in my name ;"  
He himself, in Jordan's river,  
Was immers'd beneath the stream.

5 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,  
Follow him without delay ;  
Gladly his command embracing,  
Lo ! your Captain leads the way.

6 View the rite with understanding ;  
Jesus' grave before you lies ;  
Be interr'd at his commanding,  
After his example rise.

## HYMN 32. C. M.

J. PROUD.

*Rising to newness of life.*

1 AND shall we be ashamed to own  
Our only God and Lord ?  
No, we proclaim him God alone,  
And triumph in his word.

2 He was baptiz'd in Jordan's flood,  
To lead our souls the way ;  
We'll own his laws, confess him God,  
And only him obey.

3 Rise, Christian, rise to life divine,  
Each sinful way forsake ;  
Make Jesus' bright example thine,  
Him for thy pattern take.

4 Baptiz'd into his name, regard  
His every kind command ;  
Then thou shalt have thy sure reward  
In heaven's eternal land.

## HYMN 33. 8 &amp; 7.

*Immersion with the Lord.*

1 JESUS, mighty King in Zion !  
Thou alone our guide shalt be ;

Thy commission we rely on,  
We would follow none but thee.

- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,  
And thy vict'ry o'er the grave ;  
We who know thy great salvation  
Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,  
We the ancient path pursue ;  
Bury'd with our Lord, and rising  
To a life divinely new.

### HYMN 34. S. M.

*Confessing Christ in his institution.*

- 1 WE dare no longer stand  
As neuters to thy cause ;  
But by the help of grace we'll yield  
Obedience to thy laws.
- 2 Into the watery tomb  
We cheerfully descend,  
In token of our faith and love  
To our celestial Friend.
- 3 Lord, meet us here this day,  
Who come to do thy will :  
Grant us thy presence, dearest Lord,  
Thy promis'd grace fulfil.
- 4 Descend, O heavenly Dove,  
And wing our souls away,  
Up to the bright and heavenly joys  
Of everlasting day.
- 5 This day we make our choice  
To serve the Lord most high ;  
Deny ourselves, take up the crois,  
And do it cheerfully.

## HYMN 35. C. M.

*The love of Christ constraining to a humble imitation  
of his examples.*

- 1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pard'ning love  
Embrace a wretch so vile ?  
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,  
And blefs me with thy-smile ?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,  
And all its shame despis'd ?  
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,  
With thee to be baptiz'd ?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,  
In Jordan's swelling flood ?  
And shall my pride disdain the deed  
That's worthy of my God ?
- 4 Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love  
Reproves my cold delays :  
And now my willing footsteps move  
In thy delightful ways.

## HYMN 36. H. M.

*To the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 DESCEND, celestial Dove,  
And make thy presence known ;  
Reveal our Saviour's love,  
And seal us for thine own.  
Unblefs'd by thee, our works are vain,  
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.
- 2 When our incarnate God,  
The sovereign Prince of Light,  
In Jordan's swelling flood  
Receiv'd the holy rite ;

In open view, thy form came down,  
And dove-like flew, the King to crown.

3 The day was never known  
Since time began its race,  
On which such glory shone,  
On which was shewn such grace,  
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,  
On Jesus' head the heavenly beam.

4 Continue still to shine,  
And fill us with thy fire :  
This ordinance is thine,  
Do thou our souls inspire !  
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons,  
"Till time shall end," thy promise runs.

## HYMN 37. S. M.

S. STENNETT.

*"Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins."*

1 IN such a grave as this  
The meek Redeemer lay,  
When he our souls to seek and save,  
Learn'd humbly to obey.

2 See how the spotless Lamb  
Descends into the stream,  
And teaches us to imitate  
What him so well became.

3 Let sinners wash away  
Their sins of crimson dye ;  
Bury'd with him, their vilest sins  
Shall in oblivion lie.

4 Rise, and ascend with him,  
A heavenly life to lead ;  
Who came to ransom guilty men  
From regions of the dead.

5 Lord, see the sinner's tears !  
Hear his repenting cry !  
Speak, and his contrite heart shall live ;  
Speak, and his sins shall die.

6 Speak with that mighty voice,  
Which shall hereafter spread  
Its summons through the earth and sea,  
To raise the sleeping dead.

## HYMN 38. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Practical improvement of the ordinance.* Col. iii. 1.

1 ATTEND, ye children of your God,  
Ye heirs of glory, hear ;  
For accents so divine as these  
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,  
Your souls to sin must die ;  
With Christ your Lord ye live anew,  
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There by his Father's side he sits,  
Enthron'd divinely fair ;  
Yet owns himself your brother still,  
And your forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise  
On wings of faith and love ;  
Above your choicest treasure lies,  
And be your hearts above.

5 Yet earth and sin will drag us down,  
When we attempt to fly ;  
Lord, send thy strong, attractive power  
To raise and fix us high.

## HYMN 39. 6 &amp; 9.

*The new convert.*

1    O HOW happy are they  
    Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above !  
    Tongue can never express  
    The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love !

2    That sweet comfort was mine,  
    When the favour divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;  
    When my heart it believ'd,  
    What true joy I receiv'd,  
What a heaven in Jesus's name !

3    'Twas a heaven below,  
    My Redeemer to know ;  
And the angels could do nothing more  
    Than to fall at his feet,  
    And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4    Jesus all the day long  
    Was my joy and my song ;  
O that all his salvation might see !  
    He hath lov'd me, I cry'd,  
    He hath suffer'd and dy'd,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5    On the wings of his love,  
    I was carry'd above  
All my sin, and temptation, and pain ;  
    And I could not believe  
    That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again.

6    I then rode on the sky,  
    Freely justify'd I,

Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;  
 My glad soul mounted higher  
 In a chariot of fire,  
 And the world was quite under my feet.

7 O ! the rapturous height  
 Of that holy delight,  
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !  
 Of my Saviour possest,  
 I was perfectly blest,  
 As if fill'd with the fullness of God.

## HYMN 40. C. M.

BEDDOME.

*Reflections of a baptized believer.—“ He went on his way rejoicing.” Acts viii. 9.*

- 1 THE holy eunuch, when baptiz'd,  
 Went on his way with joy :  
 And who can tell what rapturous thoughts  
 Did then his mind employ ?
- 2 “ Is that most glorious Saviour mine  
 “ Of whom I lately read ?  
 “ Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,  
 “ Was number'd with the dead ?
- 3 “ Is he who, bursting from the grave,  
 “ Now reigns above the sky,  
 “ My advocate before the throne,  
 “ My portion when I die ?
- 4 “ Have I profess'd his holy name ?  
 “ Do I his gospel bear  
 “ To Ethiopia's scorched lands,  
 “ And shall I spread it there ?
- 5 “ Bless'd pool ! in which I lately lay,  
 “ And left my fears behind ;  
 “ What an unworthy wretch am I !  
 “ And God profusely kind.

6 "Bles'd emblem of that precious blood  
 "Which satisfy'd for sin ;  
 "And of that renovating grace,  
 "Which makes the conscience clean."

7 This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy  
 Help us to keep in view ;  
 The same our work, the same, O make  
 Our consolation too.

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## HYMN 41. C. M.

NEWTON.

*After immersion. Mark xvi. 16.*

1 "PROCLAIM," faith Christ, "my wondrous  
 "To all the sons of men ; [grace  
 "He that believes, and is baptiz'd,  
 "Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,  
 Who, hoping in thy word,  
 This day have publickly declar'd  
 That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance  
 And run the Christian race ;  
 And through the troubles of the way  
 Find all-sufficient grace.

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## HYMN 42. H. M.

NEWTON.

*Grace leads to Christ.*

1 BEFORE Elisha's gate  
 The Syrian leper stood,  
 But could not brook to wait,  
 He deem'd himself too good :  
 He thought the prophet would attend,  
 And not to him a message send.

2 Leprous and proud as he,  
 To Jesus thus I came,  
 From sin to set me free,  
 When first I heard his fame :  
 Surely, thought I, my pompous train  
 Of vows and tears will notice gain.

3 My heart devis'd the way  
 Which I suppos'd he'd take ;  
 And when I found delay,  
 Was ready to go back :  
 Had he some painful task enjoin'd,  
 I to performance seem'd inclin'd.

4 When by his word he spake,  
 " That fountain open'd see ;  
 " ' Twas open'd for thy sake,  
 " Go wash, and thou art free ;"  
 O ! how did my proud heart gainsay,  
 I fear'd to trust this simple way.

7 At length I trial made,  
 When I had much endur'd ;  
 The message I obey'd,  
 I wash'd, and I was cur'd :  
 Sinners, this healing fountain try,  
 Which cleans'd a wretch so vile as I.

HYMN 43. L. M. S. STENNETT.

*Cleansing by Christ's atonement.*

1 OUR Lord, when cloth'd with mortal flesh,  
 Though free from every sinful stain,  
 Would be baptiz'd, that men to trace  
 His sacred steps might not disdain.

2 Nay more—he was all plung'd in tears,  
 And bath'd in bloody sufferings too :

What fountain was requir'd to wash  
Our guilty souls, his wounds will shew !

3 Thy blood, dear Lord, can cleanse from sin,  
This in our baptism we confess ;  
'Tis for its cleansing virtue we  
Our prayers and vows to thee address.

4 Bury'd with great solemnity  
In thy baptismal sepulchre,  
We are reviv'd, and rais'd again,  
White robes of righteousness to wear.

5 And, as thy sacred word declares,  
At the great resurrection-day  
Our bodies shall be rais'd and chang'd,  
And be adorn'd with bright array.

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HYMN 44. L. M.

*“They were baptized, both men and women.”*

1 **G**REAT God, we in thy courts appear,  
With humble joy and holy fear,  
Thy wise injunctions to obey :  
Let saints and angels hail the day !

2 Great things, O everlasting Son,  
Great things for us thy grace has done ;  
Constrain'd by thy almighty love,  
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

3 In thy assembly here we stand,  
Obedient to thy great command ;  
The sacred flood is full in view,  
And thy sweet voice invites us through.

4 The word, the Spirit, and the bride  
Must not invite and be deny'd ;  
Was not the Lord, who came to save,  
Interr'd in such a liquid grave ?

5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name :  
 Receive us rising from the stream ;  
 Then to thy table let us come,  
 And dwell in Zion as our home.

---

HYMN 45. C. M. S. STENNETT.

*Teach and baptize.*

1 THE sacred body of our Lord,  
 Which on the cross had bled,  
 Three days lay bury'd in the grave,  
 And then rose from the dead.

2 His presence the desponding hearts  
 Of his disciples cheers :  
 His voice they hear, his scars survey,  
 Which banish doubts and fears.

3 Explaining oracles divine,  
 Their ears and souls he charms ;  
 His order to convert the world,  
 Their drooping courage warms.

4 For thus the Mediator spoke,  
 " All power in earth and heav'n  
 " To me, triumphant o'er the grave,  
 " Is by my Father giv'n.

5 " Go, therefore, teach the nations all  
 " What you have learn'd of me ;  
 " Baptize them in the awful name  
 " Of the Eternal Three.

6 " Teach them whatever I command ;  
 " My presence I assure  
 " Crown your labours with success,  
 " While heaven and earth endure."

7 For we thy wondrous grace adore,  
 Thy awful word revere :

Thy death and thy revival both  
Our baptism makes appear.

8 The promise of thy presence now  
Does glad expectation raise ;  
Hope of thy second coming fills  
Our souls with joy and praise.

9 'Tis then the dead thy voice shall hear,  
The dead thy voice obey ;  
Thy saints, who sleep in dust, awake  
To joy's eternal day.

## HYMN 46. S. M.

BURNHAM.

*Saints meeting in glory.*

1 THOU great incarnate God,  
Behold thy children stand ;  
Warm'd with the fire of love divine,  
They bow to thy command.

2 When bury'd with the Lord,  
May they his presence find ;  
Proving the pleasures of his throne  
Are with obedience join'd.

3 When rising from the stream,  
Lord, shew thy lovely face ;  
May all the joys of heaven descend,  
And glory fill the place.

4 Then may these happy saints  
In thy commandments run,  
Till they shall reach the realms of bliss,  
And mount Immanuel's throne.

5 There they shall sit, and sing  
The once baptized Lamb !  
Make all the courts of heaven resound  
With his eternal name.

6 Then with what sacred joy  
 They'll tune their Saviour's praise !  
 Millions of millions there shall join  
 To swell the heavenly lays.

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HYMN 47. S. M. S. STENNETT.

*“He hath washed us from our sins in his own blood.”*

1 COME, lowly souls, that mourn,  
 Depress'd with guilt and shame ;  
 Wash'd in your Saviour's sacred blood,  
 Now call upon his name.

2 Rejoice, ye contrite hearts,  
 That tremble at his word,  
 In the baptismal laver plung'd,  
 As was your humble Lord.

3 Bath'd in repenting tears,  
 The sins which you deplore  
 Dead in your Saviour's grave shall lie,  
 And shall be seen no more.

4 Come, pious candidates  
 Of grace and glory too,  
 Praise your Redeemer's love, and tell  
 What he has done for you.

5 Unspotted robes you wear,  
 Your sighs to songs are turn'd ;  
 Garments of praise adorn you now,  
 Who late in ashes mourn'd.

6 Your Lord and you are risen,  
 Aspire to things above :  
 Where he resides, there you shall dwell  
 In realms of light and love.

## HYMN 48. L. M.

ORIGINAL.

*After Immersion.*

*“Wherin also ye are risen with him, through the faith of the operation of God.” Col. ii. 12.*

- 1 R IS’N with Christ, our glorious Head,  
In new obedience let us live,  
And, loving him who saves our souls,  
To his great name all glory give.
- 2 Prophets of ancient time foretold  
That saints should triumph in their King ;  
In Jesus then will we rejoice,  
And in his ways our souls shall sing.
- 3 We’ll rise from trifles light and vain,  
Our joyful hearts shall dwell on high,  
Where our baptized Lord remains,  
Dispensing mercy from the sky.
- 4 By our immersion we have shown  
Our faith in him who saves from sin :  
“ We would no more defile our hands ;  
“ O may our hearts be henceforth clean ! ”
- 5 Thy kingdom’s glory shall increase,  
Jesus, thy saints in songs have said !  
This truth our sweet experience proves ;  
We know thee as its living Head !
- 6 By faith in thee, we die to sin ;  
By faith in thee, we rise to God ;  
Baptiz’d, and risen from the world,  
In thee we find our endless good !
- 7 Let worldlings in their riches boast,  
And swelling, hate God’s humble poor,  
We, trusting in our Saviour’s love,  
Rest satisfy’d, and ask no more.

## HYMN 49. L. M. DR. BALDWIN.

*Come, see the place where the Lord lay.* Matt. xxviii. 6.

1 YE happy saints, the Lamb adore,  
Who lov'd our race all time before !  
Ere man from God had gone astray,  
He in his Father's bosom *lay*.

2 Joyful he left the realms of light,  
And downward bent his wondrous flight,  
Assum'd a body form'd of clay,  
And in the humble manger *lay*.

3 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,  
To mark the path his saints should tread !  
They love to trace this sacred way,  
*And see the place where Jesus lay.*

4 The holy Baptist lifts his eyes :  
" Behold the Lamb of God !" he cries ;  
Then down he led the liquid way :  
*Come, see the place where Jesus lay.*

5 Immers'd by John in Jordan's wave,  
Rising he left his wat'ry grave ;  
Heav'n own'd the deed, approv'd the way,  
*And bless'd the place where Jesus lay.*

6 Come, all who love his precious name ;  
Come, tread his steps and learn of him :  
Happy beyond expression they  
*Who find the place where Jesus lay.*

7 Bury'd with Christ, they die to sin ;  
Then rise, with him to live and reign ;  
Rescuing, still go on their way,  
*And leave the place where Jesus lay.*

8 Pick'd by grace, at length they come  
To rest in their eternal home ;  
Rising to heav'n, they drop their clay,  
*In the cold tomb, where Jesus lay.*

## HYMN 50. Eights.

ORIGINAL.

*The Pattern.*

- 1 THE fullness of time had elaps'd,  
Which prophets of old had declar'd,  
When Jesus, descending from heav'n,  
Took on him the body prepar'd.
- 2 The shadows and types disappear'd,  
According to ancient decree ;  
When, lo ! the great substance became  
An object for mortals to see !
- 3 Then John, the forerunner, proclaim'd  
The kingdom of heaven at hand ;  
Repentance he urg'd, whilst he taught  
Submission to ev'ry command.
- 4 Now Jesus from Galilee comes ;  
In Jordan the rite he receives :  
The opening heavens confirm  
The sacred example he gives !
- 5 While those who rejected the Lamb,  
In darkness and error remain'd,  
The converts, confessing their sins,  
This pledge of their pardon obtain'd.
- 6 In ev'ry command of his lips,  
To us an example is giv'n :  
The Pattern we follow is true,  
For Jesus receiv'd it from heaven.

## HYMN 51. S. M.

ORIGINAL.

*For if we have been planted, &c. Rom. vi. 5.*

- 1 IN planted grain we view  
A figure plain and clear—  
Christ's death and his immersio<sup>n</sup> too  
Unitedly appear.

2 Immers'd from human sight,  
In likeness of our Lord,  
His resurrection gives us light ;  
By *his* is *our's* assur'd.

3 This glorious Lord of All  
Said, ere he rose on high,  
" Except a corn of wheat shall fall  
" Into the ground and die,

4 " No fruit shall thence be seen,  
" Nor increase in the field ;  
" But if it die, 'twill rise again,  
" And plentifully yield."

5 Thou art this corn of wheat,\*  
Jesus, from thee we spring :  
The number of thy saints is great,  
Who shall in glory sing.

6 Ere thou upon the tree  
For sinners vile didst bleed,  
Thy faithful Father promis'd thee  
That thou shouldst see thy seed.

7 Thee we extol in songs  
Of endless joy and praise :  
To thee this glorious pow'r belongs  
From sin our souls to raise.

8 Now from a sacred love  
To Christ, who lov'd us first,  
The kindness of his laws we prove,  
And in him fully trust.

9 Baptiz'd into the name  
Of Him who left the dead,  
And rose to endless pow'r and fame,—  
We shall be like our Head.

\* The Jewish corn was remarkably productive.

## HYMN 52. L. M.

*Christ's lowly and exalted state.*

- 1 COME, all ye sons of grace, and view  
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you :  
Behold him sink with heavy woes,  
And give his life to save his foes !
- 2 When you behold the sacred wave,  
You see the emblem of his grave :  
Come, all who would his laws obey,  
And view the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 But not death's adamantine chain  
Could long the mighty Lord detain ;  
Behold him cheer the heavy gloom,  
And rise resplendent from the tomb.
- 4 When you ascend above the flood,  
Then call to mind the rising God :  
Ye saints, lift up your joyful eyes,  
Exulting see your Saviour rise.
- 5 Ye too are bury'd with your Lord,  
Who in the water own his word,  
And joyfully behold therein,  
An emblem of your death to sin.
- 6 Fresh from the stream, and fill'd with love,  
Far from the tents of sin remove ;  
Nobly from strength to strength proceed,  
And rise to every worthy deed.

## HYMN 53. C. M.

BURNHAM.

*Christ the Head and King of Zion.*

- 1 ON Jordan we would often muse,  
And view the Lamb of God,  
With John descending in the stream,  
And plung'd beneath the flood.

2 While great Jehovah's voice is heard  
 From the pure realms of light ;  
 "This is my well-beloved Son,  
 "In whom is my delight."

3 Thus Christ the great example gives :  
 All heav'n approves the deed !  
 Thus the dear saints pursue the path  
 Of Zion's glorious Head.

4 Dear Lord, when these, thy ransom'd saints,  
 Are in thy name baptiz'd,  
 Shine from thy glorious throne of grace,  
 And shew thyself well pleas'd.

5 Honour'd with God's approving smile,  
 And blessings from above,  
 Then let the world with anger frown,  
 We'll pity, pray, and love.

6 All the commands of Zion's King  
 We'll cordially embrace ;  
 For all his ways are pav'd with love,  
 And all his paths are peace.

## HYMN 54. C. M.

*Saints invited to duty.*

1 COME, all ye humble sons of grace,  
 Who feel the weight of sin,  
 Confess before Jehovah's face  
 How vile your hearts have been.

2 If you sincere repentance feel  
 For every hateful stain,  
 Jesus your broken hearts will heal,  
 Jesus will make you clean.

3 To the baptismal water come,  
Christ's own appointed way,  
The emblem of your Saviour's tomb ;  
O, come without delay.

4 Welcome you are, and you alone,  
This sacred rite to share !  
To nat'ral men can ne'er be known  
What Heaven has taught us here.

5 Here with admiring eyes we view  
Our dying, rising Lord :  
Through grace resolve to live anew,  
Obedient to his word.

6 Eternal God, thy power display  
To wound and heal the heart :  
Thee may thy people all obey,  
Nor from thy will depart.

## HYMN 55. H. M.

BURNHAM.

*The two first gospel requisites.*

1 REPENT and be baptiz'd,  
Saith your redeeming Lord ;  
Ye all are now appriz'd  
That 'tis your Saviour's word :  
Arise, arise, without delay,  
And his divine commands obey.

2 Ye penitential race,  
Who fall at Jesus' feet,  
Sav'd by his glorious grace,  
Come, to his will submit ;  
And be baptiz'd without delay,  
And his divine command obey.

3 Come, ye believing train,  
No more this truth withstand ;

No longer think it vain  
 T' obey your Lord's command :  
 But haste, arise, without delay,  
 And be baptiz'd in Jesus' way.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of Peace,  
 To thy great name we pray ;  
 Make the converted race  
 Thine ordinance obey ;  
 O may thy love their souls o'ercome,  
 And draw them to thy liquid tomb.

## HYMN 56. S. M.

*Universal obedience.*

1 ALL you that in the flood  
 Have own'd your holy Lord,  
 And to his people join'd yourselves,  
 According to his word ;

2 In Zion you must dwell,  
 Her altar ne'er forsake ;  
 Must come to all her solemn feasts,  
 And all her joys partake.

3 She must employ your thoughts,  
 And your unceasing care ;  
 Her welfare be your constant wish,  
 And her increase your pray'r.

4 With humbleness of mind,  
 Amongst her sons rejoice :  
 A meek and quiet spirit is  
 With God of highest price.

5 Never offend nor grieve  
 Your brethren in the way ;  
 But shun the dark abodes of strife,  
 Like children of the day.

6 Highly in love esteem  
 Your pastors in the Lord ;  
 The means of life on them bestow,  
 Who labour in the word.

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## HYMN 57. L. M.

*Saint and hypocrite contrasted.*

1 ALL you that in the sacred flood  
 Have humbly own'd your Saviour God,  
 His great command lies on you still ;  
 All righteousness you must fulfil.

2 With scrup'lous care the hypocrite  
 Attends to each external rite,  
 While justice, truth, and faith depart,  
 And all religion of the heart.

3 For weightier matters of the law  
 He feels no zeal, nor love, nor awe ;  
 And seeks by rituals to atone  
 For sins and follies he has done.

4 But the enlighten'd soul pursues  
 The call of God with different views ;  
 He round a nobler centre moves,  
 Obeying Christ because he loves.

5 If he attend the preached word,  
 He waits a visit from his Lord ;  
 Or at each ordinance appear,  
 He humbly hopes to meet him there.

6 And if Immanuel shews his face,  
 Blessing the season with his grace,  
 With strength renew'd, the faint proceeds  
 In heav'nly love and righteous deeds.

## HYMN 58. L. M.

ORIGINAL.

*John Baptist's preaching.*

1 IN Juda's dreary wilderness  
 The herald Baptist preaching came,  
 Commission'd from the Father's throne  
 To teach repentance in his name.

2 His raiment was of camel's hair,  
 A leathern girdle 'bout his loins ;  
 Locust and honey were his meat,  
 And gospel baptism he enjoins—

3 "Ye who of Abrah'm are the seed,  
 "Who look for blessings in his name,  
 "Of sin repent—believe in Christ—  
 "This ordinance you then may claim.

4 "In the new kingdom of our Lord  
 "No claims like your's can e'er be known ;  
 "Your hearts must be renew'd by grace,  
 "Or you will feel God's righteous frown.

5 "Unto the root of ev'ry tree  
 "The ax of justice now is laid ;  
 "Fruits, of repentance meet, bring forth,  
 "Or all your branching hopes will fade.

6 "In Jesus' winn'wing hand is held  
 "His fan ; his floor he'll throughly purge,  
 "Into his garner bring the wheat,  
 "And burn the chaff with fiery rage."

7 Praise to the Spirit's wondrous grace,  
 Who led me to the bleeding Lamb,  
 Who taught my soul in him to trust  
 By faith in his most glorious name.

8 Baptiz'd with him beneath the waye,  
 Each of his steps I long to trace :  
 In all his ways my soul delights,  
 When quicken'd by his sovereign grace.

## HYMN 59. L. M.

*Jordan honoured.*

- 1 SEE in what place our Jesus lay,  
Before he shed atoning blood ;  
Christians ! for you he mark'd this way ;  
Behold your great redeeming God !
- 2 The Sun of Righteousness his beams  
(Though so divinely fair and bright,)  
Iimmers'd in Jordan's swelling streams,  
And shed sweet glory on this rite !
- 3 O Jordan ! honour'd oft before !  
What greater glory would'st thou have,  
Than Christ, descending from thy shore,  
To find in thee a liquid grave ?
- 4 Thy streams retir'd on either side,  
And for the ark once form'd a way !  
Elijah too did thee divide ;  
His mantle taught thy streams t' obey !
- 5 Plung'd by the holy Baptist's hand,  
Bury'd in thee our Saviour lies :  
Did not thy waters wond'ring stand,  
To see him sink, and see him rise ?
- 6 Blest sepulchre ! where Jesus lay,  
Which Jesus for us sanctifies !  
Blest flood ! to wash our sins away,  
And sink them so as ne'er to rise.

## HYMN 60. L. M.

E. JONES.

*God's precepts indispensable.*

- 1 SUCH are our God's appointed ways,  
Where walk'd the saints in ancient day ;  
This path divine apostles trod,  
'Twas honour'd by the Son of God.

2 Thus we obey as God hath bid,  
And do as the Redeemer did ;  
And thus enjoin'd, we would not dare  
With men, or flesh, or blood confer.

3 So we our faith and hope express,  
In pard'ning and in cleansing grace ;  
So we the solemn signal give,  
We're dead to sin, to God we live.

4 To God ! What infinite delight  
To saints and seraphs is the sight !  
These Christians thus their sins disown,  
And put the badge of Jesus on.

5 Behold the youth, while in their bloom,  
To Jesus Christ the Saviour come ;  
Behold they come without delay,  
Walking in God's commanded way.

6 All hail, ye souls of happy lot !  
To Jesus all your pow'rs devote :  
He that hath done so much for you,  
Hath strength and will to bear you through.

## HYMN 61. H. M.

*The glory of Christ's immersion.*

1 **W**HAT condescending grace  
Did our dear Lord display  
At Jordan's flowing streams,  
On his baptizing day !  
Here, Lord, we see thy glory bright,  
And follow thee with great delight.

Behold the man of God  
At humble distance stands,  
And to baptize his Lord  
Withholds his active hands :

‘I stand in need,’ he meekly said,  
‘To be baptiz’d by thee my Head.’

3 Jesus replies to John,  
“Suffer it thus to be;  
“My Father’s will be done,  
“It thus becometh me:  
“And all my saints should thus fulfil  
“My holy Father’s righteous will.”

4 The Baptist then obey’d,  
And straight beneath the wave  
Of honour’d Jordan laid  
This mighty Prince to save.  
Why should we fear to follow him,  
Who saves our souls from hell and sin?

5 Ascending from the flood  
The heavens open’d were;  
The Spirit like a dove  
Did on him then appear.

The voice proclaims, ‘My pleasure’s done  
‘By this my well-beloved Son.’

6 Into thy watery tomb,  
Dear Jesus, we descend;  
’Tis grace that gives us room  
To lie with such a friend.  
We quit the grave, and with thee rise,  
To leave the world and reach the skies.

HYMN 62. L. M. S. STENNETT.

“And forthwith came there out blood and water.”

1 O KIND Redeemer! in thy side  
Upon the cross was made a wound!  
The bath where we are purg’d from sin,  
And where our guilt’s entirely drown’d.

2 Water and blood hence freely ran,  
And on the trembling earth were spilt :  
Water to sanctify and cleanse,  
Blood to atone for crimson guilt.

3 This wondrous grace to represent,  
Baptismal waters were design'd,  
In which thou, Lord, wast bury'd too,  
To thy great Father's will resign'd.

4 Thus penitents who die to sin,  
With thee are bury'd in thy grave ;  
Thus quicken'd to a life divine,  
Their souls a resurrection have.

5 And though their bodies turn to dust,  
This holy symbol does assure  
The resurrection of the just  
Shall render them all bright and pure.

6 Made like his body ours shall be,  
When Christ, who is our life, appears ;  
Who to procure us life, was once  
Baptiz'd in his own blood and tears.

## HYMN 63. C. M.

BURNHAM.

*Jesu's paths.*

1 HARK ! hark ! ye saints, 'tis Jesus speaks,  
To Jesus now attend ;  
This is the way the saints of old  
Confess'd their dying Friend.

2 Lord, may we still thy paths pursue,  
Thy great commands obey ;  
And view the smiles of thy dear face  
As each appointed way.

## HYMN 64. L. M.

S. STENNETT.

*Ark of Noah.*

- 1 WHEN the old world God's patience try'd,  
And long his threat'ning vengeance dar'd,  
The righteous Noah favour found,  
His family alone was spar'd.
- 2 In secret chambers of the ark  
They all secure from danger lie,  
When th' ocean's banks were broke, and floods  
Burst through the windows of the sky.
- 3 Proud waters o'er the mountains roll,  
And common ruin widely spread ;  
Yet the bless'd patriarch's house survives,  
When all mankind beside were dead.
- 4 At the Almighty's awful word  
Th' obsequious floods retire again ;  
And Noah from his mystic tomb  
Peoples the ruin'd earth with men.
- 5 So to restore a world o'erwhelm'd  
With guilt and mis'ry, dead in sins,  
Our Saviour, rising from the grave,  
Another race of men begins !
- 6 New creatures of a heav'nly form,  
Whose souls his sacred image bear ;  
While dead to sin, they live to God,  
And spotless in white robes appear.
- 7 Bury'd in their Redeemer's grave,  
With him they live, with him they rise :  
While the lost race of human kind  
Delug'd with sin and ruin lies.
- 8 O happy souls, whom grace revives !  
Their bodies too their Lord will rule,  
Refin'd, and fit for holy souls,  
To see his face, and sing his praise.

## HYMN 65. L. M.

*Gospel institutions point to Jesus.*

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour and my King,  
To thee my grateful heart I bring :  
Thou art all glorious in my eyes :  
On thee my whole dependence lies.
- 2 Thou hast been slain, O Lamb of God,  
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood !  
Thine arm alone can set me free ;  
My whole salvation rests on thee.
- 3 I will not build on what's my own,  
Nor trust to works nor duties done ;  
On thee alone my hopes I place,  
My only refuge is thy grace.
- 4 Not mine own arm can me sustain ;  
Nor outward washings make me clean :  
No works of mine my debt can pay ;  
No tears can wash my stains away.
- 5 No ordinances can atone ;  
They only make my Saviour known !  
They may as emblems brightly shine,  
But all the work, my God, is thine.
- 6 The fountain thou hast ever been,  
Whose streams can wash away my sin ;  
Wash me, O wash me in that flood,  
That ever-cleansing stream, thy blood.

## HYMN 66. L. M.

ORIGINAL.

*John abasing himself and exalting Christ.*

- 1 ~~W~~ITH what a meek and humble mind  
Did John announce his glorious Lord ;  
“ This, this is he of whom I speake,  
“ Before me is he much preferr'd.”

2 When ask'd by many, ' Who art thou ?'  
 To them most freely he confess,  
 " God's harbinger to you I am,  
 " But truly I am not the Christ.

3 " The glory of this wondrous Christ,  
 " With rising beams, appears divine :  
 " But I his willing servant own  
 " That mine will shortly cease to shine.

4 " The latchet of his shoes t' unloose  
 " Unworthy are my sinful hands ;  
 " So far surpassing is my Lord  
 " The messenger whom he commands.

5 " But while my glory fades with time,  
 " In him believing, I rejoice ;  
 " This Lamb of God my triumph is,  
 " The object of my happy choice.

6 " This Jesus, whom I've now baptiz'd,  
 " And laid beneath the yielding flood,  
 " Will raise me to his heav'nly home,  
 " Through his most efficacious blood."

## HYMN 67. L. M.

ORIGINAL.

*The Philippian Jailer ; or, Paul and Silas in prison.*

1 **H**OW rich and sovereign is the grace  
 Which God extends to feeble saints ;  
 Nor bars, nor bolts, nor guarded place  
 His presence with them e'er prevents.

2 When Paul and Silas were confin'd,  
 And scourg'd, to still the people's rage,  
 Although their feet in stocks they find,  
 Their souls in pray'r and praise engage.

3 The pris'ners heard their midnight pray'r,  
 And witness'd their loud songs of praise,  
 While God his glory made appear  
 In terrible and gracious ways !

4 The bold foundations of the jail  
 An earthquake totters from their base !  
 Each hardy sentinel turns pale !  
 Amazement strikes each pris'ner's face !

5 Nor bolts nor locks their hold can keep,  
 Now opes each massy door at will ;  
 The jailer, waking from his sleep,  
 His fword unsheathes himself to kill,

6 Paul cries, the messenger of peace,  
 ' Thyself touch not ; each pris'ner's here ;'  
 The jailer, trembling, sues for grace,  
 " How can my soul from guilt be clear ?"

7 Taught by God's Spirit truth to speak,  
 These heralds say, ' Believe in Christ ;  
 ' In him true peace of conscience seek,  
 ' On his atonement fully rest.'

8 In faith, the jailer hears the voice  
 Of mercy, and is straight baptiz'd ;  
 His household too in Christ rejoice,  
 With him immers'd, as duty priz'd.

9 Behold the jailer's love to God !  
 Behold the work of faith with pow'r !  
 Quick he refresh'd these saints with food ;  
 Their stripes he wash'd in that same hour !

10 O what a wondrous gift is grace !  
 It lifts the soul to God above,  
 Hushes the raging heart to peace,  
 Dissolving it in holy love !

## HYMN 68. C. M.

BURNHAM.

*Duty's glorious reward.*

1 **W**HAT are those rays of shining light,  
That stream from yonder hill !  
While we behold the wondrous scene,  
Pleasures divine we feel.

2 Surely Jehovah is well pleas'd,  
Else why these beams of love ?  
While we obey this high command,  
What growing joys we prove !

## HYMN 69. L. M.

GREGG.

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

1 **J**ESUS, and shall it ever be !  
A mortal man ashamed of thee !  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days !

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far  
Let ev'ning blush to own a star ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine,  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright morning-star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend !  
No : when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain !  
 And O, may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me !

7 His institutions would I prize,  
 Take up my cross, the shame despise ;  
 Dare to defend his noble cause,  
 And yield obedience to his laws.

## HYMN 70. C. M.

COWPER.

*Christ the fountain.*

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 O may I there, though vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away !

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its pow'r,  
 Till all the ransom'd church of God  
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave,  
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

## HYMN 71. C. M. RYLAND, JUN.

*Difficulties in the way of duty surmounted.*

- 1 STAY, says the world, and taste a while  
My every pleasant sweet ;  
*Hinder me not*, my soul replies,  
Because the way is great.
- 2 Stay, Satan, my old master, cries,  
Or force shall thee detain ;  
*Hinder me not*, I will be gone,  
My God has broke thy chain.
- 3 In all my Lord's appointed ways,  
My journey I'll pursue ;  
*Hinder me not*, ye much-lov'd saints,  
For I must go with you.
- 4 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where he goes ;  
*Hinder me not*, shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 5 Through duty, and through trials too  
I'll go at his command ;  
*Hinder me not*, for I am bound  
To my Immanuel's land.
- 6 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
Still this my cry shall be,  
*Hinder me not*, come, welcome death,  
I'll gladly go with thee.

## HYMN 72. C. M.

HOUDEN.

*Dialogue between Christ and the Church.*

- 1 " A RISE, my love, my undefil'd,  
" And make no longer stay ;  
" The dreary winter's fled at last,  
" Make haste and come away.

2 "The rain is past, the vernal year  
 "Is cloth'd in sweet array :  
 "The pleasant fruits invite your taste :  
 "Arise, and come away.

3 "With gentle voice and plaintive strains  
 "The turtle chides your stay :  
 "The early birds invite my love  
 "To rise, and come away."

4 "Thy voice we hear, and thine alone,  
 'Dear Saviour, we'll obey :  
 'Be like a roe, nor from us part  
 'Until the dawning day.

5 "O turn thou not till Bether's mount  
 'Become a level way :  
 'Like a young hart, O tarry not,  
 'Arise, and come away."

## HYMN 73. 8 &amp; 7.

NEWTON.

*Praise to Him who washes his saints in his blood.*

1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,  
 Let us praise the Saviour's name !  
 He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,  
 He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame :  
 He has wash'd us with his blood,  
 He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,  
 Pitied us when enemies ;  
 Taught us by his grace, and taught us,  
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes :  
 He has wash'd us with his blood,  
 He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptations  
 Threaten hard to bear us down !  
 For the Lord, our strong salvation,  
 Holds in view the conqueror's crown.  
 He who wash'd us with his blood,  
 Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us wonder ! grace and justice  
 Join and point to mercy's store ;  
 When through grace in Christ our trust is,  
 Justice smiles, and asks no more.  
 He who wash'd us with his blood  
 Has fecur'd our way to God.

5 Let us praise, and join the chorus  
 Of the saints, enthron'd on high ;  
 Here they trusted him before us,  
 Now their praises fill the sky :  
 "Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,  
 "Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !"

6 Hark the name of Jesus founded  
 Loud, from golden harps above !  
 Lord, we blush, and are confounded,  
 Faint our praises, cold our love.  
 Wash our souls and songs with blood,  
 For by thee we come to God.

## HYMN 74. L. M.

*Single verses on the ordinance.*

WHATE'ER to thee, our Lord belongs,  
 Is always worthy of our songs :  
 And all thy works, and all thy ways,  
 Demand our wonder and our praise.

## BEDDOME.

Hosanna to the church's Head,  
 Who suffer'd in our room and stead !  
 He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,  
 And then immers'd in sweat and blood !

J. STENNETT.

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,  
 Before he shed his precious blood !  
 How plain he mark'd the humble way  
 To sinners, through the mystic flood.

## BEDDOME.

All ye that love Immanuel's name,  
 And long to feel th' increasing flame,  
 'Tis you, ye children of the light !  
 The Spirit and the Bride invite.

H. F.

Ye who your native vileness mourn,  
 And to the great Redeemer turn,  
 Who see your wretched state by sin,  
 " Ye blessed of the Lord, come in."

H. F.

Jesus, my Saviour, and my all,  
 Methinks I hear thy gentle call ;  
 These are the sounds that chide my stay,  
 " Arise, my love, and come away."

H. F.

Amazing grace ! and shall I still  
 Prove disobedient to thy will ?  
 Ah, no : dear Lord, the watery tomb  
 Belongs to thee, and there I come.

H.

Apostles trod this holy ground,  
 This is the road believers go ;  
 My Jesus in this way was found,  
 I charge my soul to tread it too.

J. STENNETT.

With lowly minds, and lofty songs,  
 Let all admire the Saviour's grace,  
 Till the great rising day reveal  
 Th' immortal glory of his face.

G.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 We humbly dedicate our powers :  
 If with Jehovah's blessing crown'd,  
 Immortal happiness is ours.

HYMN 75. L. M.

WATTS.

*Doxology.*

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father, and his **love**,  
 To whose celestial source we owe  
 Rivers of endless joys above,  
 And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God !  
 From whose dear wounded body rolls  
 A precious stream of vital blood,  
 Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,  
 Who, in our hearts of sin and wo,  
 Mak'st living springs of grace arise,  
 And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, we adore,  
 That **sea** of life and love unknown,  
 Without a bottom or a shore.

## LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 76. L. M.

WATTS.

*A preparatory thought for the Lord's Supper, in imitation of Isaiah lxiii. 1—3.*

- 1 WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,  
Comes marching downward from the skies,  
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,  
With joy and pity in his eyes ?
- 2 The Lord ! the Saviour ! yes, 'tis he,  
I know him by the smiles he wears ;  
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,  
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.
- 3 Lo ! he reveals his shining breast,  
I own those wounds, and I adore !  
Lo ! he prepares a royal feast,  
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.
- 4 Whence flow these favours so divine !  
Lord ! why so lavish of thy blood ?  
Why for such earthly souls as mine,  
This heavenly wine, this sacred food ?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,  
That nail'd him to the cursed tree ;  
'Twas his own love this table spread  
For such unworthy guests as we.
- 6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love ;  
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord ;  
With glad consent our lips shall move,  
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

## HYMN 77. L. M. J. STENNETT.

*"Thy kingdom come."*

- 1 **T**HUS we commemorate the day  
On which our dearest Lord was slain ;  
Thus we our pious homage pay,  
Till he appears on earth again.
- 2 **C**ome, great Redeemer, open wide  
The curtains of the parting sky :  
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,  
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.
- 3 **C**ome, King of Kings, with thy bright train,  
Cherubs, and seraphs, heav'nly hosts ;  
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,  
As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 **C**ome, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,  
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne ;  
Subdue the rebels by thy word,  
And claim the nations for thy own.

## HYMN 78. L. M.

*Meditating on the cross of Christ.*

- 1 **C**OME, see on bloody Calvary,  
Suspended on th' accursed tree,  
A harmless suff'rer cover'd o'er  
With shame, and welt'ring in his gore !
- 2 **I**s this the Saviour long foretold,  
To usher in the age of gold ?  
To make the reign of sorrow cease,  
And bind the jarring world in peace ?
- 3 **'T**is He, 'tis He,—he kindly shrouds  
His glories in a night of clouds,  
That souls might from their ruin rise,  
And heir the unperishable skies.

4 See to their refuge and their rest,  
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,  
Transgressors to his crois repair,  
And find a full redemption there.

5 Jefus, what millions of our race  
Have been the triumphs of thy grace,  
And millions more to thee shall fly,  
And on thy sacrifice rely.

6 That tree, that curse-empoison'd tree,  
Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee,  
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,  
And fill the nations with its fruit.

7 The sorrow, shame, and death were *thine*,  
And all the stores of wrath divine !  
*Our's* are the glory, life, and bliss :  
What love can be compar'd to this !

## HYMN 79. L. M.

BEDDOME.

*Jesus wept. John xi. 35.*

1 SO fair a face bedew'd with tears !  
What beauty e'en in grief appears !  
He wept, he bled, he dy'd for you ;  
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do ?

2 Entron'd above with equal glow  
His warm affections downward flow ;  
In our distress he bears a part,  
And feels a sympathetic smart.

3 Still his compassions are the same,  
He knows the frailty of our frame ;  
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,  
Shares in our sorrows, and our pains.

## HYMN 80. C. M.

*Jesus "the resurrection and the life."*

- 1 **T**HE Sun of Righteousness appears,  
To set in blood no more !  
Adore the Scatt'rer of your fears ;  
Your rising Sun adore.
- 2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,  
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;  
He breaks again the bands of death,  
Again the dead arise.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,  
Alone the wine-press trod ;  
He dy'd and suffer'd as a man,  
He rises as a God !
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal  
Forbid an early rise  
To Him who breaks the gates of hell,  
And opens paradise.

## HYMN 81. C. M.

STEELE.

*An invitation to the gospel feast.* Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast !  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store  
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;  
He calls, he bids you come :  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;  
But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;  
There love and pity meet ;  
Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd  
 Invites your souls to come ;  
 The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
 And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come, and with his children taste  
 The blessings of his love ;  
 While hope attends the sweet repast  
 Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,  
 Before th' eternal throne,  
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
 In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
 Are welcome still to come :  
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;  
 Approach, there yet is room !

## HYMN 82. L. M.

D. TURNER.

*Christ's exaltation.*

1 NOW far above these starry skies  
 Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,  
 Invisible to mortal eyes,  
 But not to humble faith unknown.

2 The countless host that round him stand,  
 The subjects of his sovereign pow'r,  
 Fly through the world at his command,  
 Or prostrate at his feet adore.

3 Satan and all his rebel crew,  
 That rag'd to pull his kingdom down,  
 Crush'd by his hand in ruin, now  
 Lie trembling at his awful frown.

4 His name above all creatures great,  
He all sustains and all controls ;  
Yet from his high exalted state,  
Looks kindly down on humble souls.

5 Though in the glories he possess'd  
Long ere this world, or time began,  
He shines the Son of God confess'd,  
Yet owns himself the Son of Man.

6 Here once in agonies he dy'd,  
Now in the heav'ns he ever lives ;  
Of joy *there* pours th' eternal tide,  
*Here* saves the sinner who believes.

7 All hail ! thou great Immanuel, hail !  
Ten thousand blessings on thy name !  
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,  
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

8 Come, quickly come, immortal King !  
On earth thy regal honours raise,  
The full salvation promis'd, bring,  
Then every tongue shall sing thy praise !

## HYMN 83. 5 &amp; 11.

*The Lamb slain.*

1 ALL glory and praise  
To th' Ancient of Days,  
Who was born and was slain to redeem a lost race.

2 Salvation to God,  
Who carry'd our load,  
And purchas'd our lives with the price of his blood.

3 And shall he not have  
The lives which he gave  
Such an infinite ransom forever to save ?

4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,  
And gladly resign  
Our souls, to be fill'd with the fullness divine.

5 How, when it shall be  
We cannot foresee ;  
But O ! let us live, let us die unto thee !

## HYMN 84. L. M. WHITEFIELD'S COL.

*Behold the man.* John xix. 5.

1 YE that pass by, behold the man,  
The man of grief condemn'd for you ;  
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,  
With nails they fasten to the wood ;  
His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,  
Or only cover'd with his blood.

3 See there his temples crown'd with thorns,  
His bleeding hands extended wide,  
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,  
The fountain gushing from his side.

4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,  
How doth thy heart to sinners move !  
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,  
And melt us with thy dying love !

5 The earth could to her centre quake,  
Convuls'd, when her Creator dy'd ;  
O may our inmost nature shake,  
And bow with Jesus crucify'd !

6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd  
Their horrors to the upper skies ;  
O that our souls might burst the shades,  
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise !

7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,  
 And tremble, and asunder part ;  
 O rend, with thy expiring breath,  
 The harder marble of our heart.

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HYMN 85. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Yet there is room.* Luke xiv. 22.

1 THE King of Heaven his table spreads,  
 And dainties crown the board ;  
 Not paradise, with all its joys,  
 Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
 And endless life are given ;  
 Through the rich blood that Jesus shed  
 To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd  
 In sin's dark mazes, come ;  
 Come, from your most obscure retreats,  
 And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,  
 Were fed and feasted here ;  
 And millions more, still on the way,  
 Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,  
 That millions more may come ;  
 Nor could the whole assembled world  
 O'er-fill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,  
 Nor weak excuses frame ;  
 Crowd to your places at the feast,  
 And bless the Founder's name.

## HYMN 86. H. M. S. STENNETT.

*Song of praise to Christ.*

1 COME, every pious heart  
That loves the Saviour's name,

Your noblest powers exert  
To celebrate his fame :

Tell all above, and all below,  
The debt of love, to him you owe.

2 Such was his zeal for God,  
And such his love for you,  
He nobly undertook

What Gabriel could not do :

His every deed of love and grace

All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

3 He left his starry crown,  
And laid his robes aside ;  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and dy'd :

What he endur'd, O who can tell ?

To save our souls from death and hell.

4 From the dark grave he rose,  
The mansion of the dead ;  
And thence his mighty foes  
In glorious triumph led :

Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

5 From thence he'll quickly come,  
His chariot will not stay,  
And bear our spirits home  
To realms of endless day :  
There shall we see his lovely face,  
And ever be in his embrace.

6 Jesus, we ne'er can pay  
 The debt we owe thy love :  
 Yet, tell us how we may  
 Our gratitude approve :  
 Our hearts, our all, to thee we give :  
 The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

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## HYMN 87.. L. M.

WATTS.

*Christ dying, rising, and reigning.*

1 **H**E dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !  
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies !  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
 For him who groan'd beneath your load ;  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood !

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree !  
 The Lord of Glory dies for men !  
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !  
 Jesus the dead revives again !

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;  
 Up to his Father's court he flies ;  
 Cherubic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high our great Deliverer reigns :  
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster, Death, in chains.

6 Say, " Live forever, wondrous King,  
 " Born to redeem, and strong to save ! "  
 Then ask the monster, " Where's thy power ?  
 " And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ? "

## HYMN 88. L. M. MADAN'S COLL.

*The Lord our righteousness.* Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise  
To take my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
"Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
While through thy blood absolv'd I am  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O ! let the dead now hear thy voice,  
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice ;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, "the Lord our righteousness."

## HYMN 89. C. M. J. STENNETT.

*Banquet of love.*

- 1 LORD, at thy table I behold  
The wonders of thy grace ;  
But most of all admire that I  
Should find a welcome place :—

2 I that am all defil'd with sin,  
     A rebel to my God ;  
     I that have crucify'd his Son,  
     And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange surprising grace is this,  
     That such a soul has room !  
     My Saviour takes me by the hand,  
     My Jesus bids me come.

4 " Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,  
     " The feast was made for you :  
     " For you I groan'd, and bled, and dy'd,  
     " And rose, and triumph'd too."

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,  
     Lord, we accept thy love :  
     'Tis a rich banquet we have had !  
     What will it be above ?

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,  
     Join all your praising powers :  
     No theme is like redeeming love,  
     No Saviour is like our's.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,  
     I'd give them all to thee :  
     Had I ten thousand tongues, they all  
     Should join the harmony.

## HYMN 90. L. M.

BEDDOME.

*Holy admiration and joy.*

1 JESUS, when faith with fixed eyes  
     Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,  
     Love rises to an ardent flame,  
     And we all other hope disclaim.

2 With cold affections who can see  
     The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the ~~gore~~,

Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,  
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

3 Look, saints, into his op'ning side,  
The breach how large, how deep, how wide!  
Thence issues forth a double flood,  
Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood.

4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows,  
To heal thy wounds and cure thy woes:  
Immortal joys come streaming down,  
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown!

5 Thus I could sit, and ever sing  
The suff'rings of my heav'nly King;  
With growing pleasure spread abroad  
The myst'ries of a dying God.

HYMN 91. C. M. J. STENNETT.

*The power of Jesus.*

1 JESUS! O word divinely sweet!  
How charming is the sound!  
What joyful news! what heav'nly sense  
In that dear name is found.

2 Our souls, all guilty, and condemn'd,  
In hopeless fetters lay;  
Our souls, with num'rous sins deprav'd,  
To death and hell a prey.

3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt  
A willing victim fell,  
And on his cross triumphant broke  
The bands of death and hell.

4 Our foes were mighty to destroy;  
He mighty was to save:  
They'd, but could not long be held  
A pris'ner in the grave.

5 Jesus ! who mighty art to save,  
 Still push thy conquests on ;  
 Extend the triumphs of thy crofs,  
 Where'er the sun has shone.

6 O Captain of Salvation ! make  
 Thy pow'r and mercy known ;  
 Till crowds of willing converts come  
 And worship at thy throne.

## HYMN 92. C. M.

STEELE.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name  
 Awake the sacred song !  
 O may his love (immortal flame !)  
 Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?  
 What mortal tongue display ?  
 Imagination's utmost stretch  
 In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,  
 Left the bright realms of bliss,  
 And came to earth to bleed and die !—  
 Was ever love like this ?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
 Our humble thanks to thee ;  
 May ev'ry heart with rapture fay,  
 "The Saviour dy'd for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme  
 Fill every heart and tongue ;  
 Till strangers love thy charming name,  
 And join the sacred song.

## HYMN 93. 8 &amp; 7.

ORIGINAL.

*Penitent view of Christ's death.*

“And all the people that came together to that sight,  
beholding the things which were done, smote upon  
their breasts, and returned.” Luke xxiii. 48.

- 1 SEE! the Lord to death surrenders,  
On the painful cross deprest :  
Those who witness'd that day's wonders,  
Turn'd away and smote their breast !
- 2 Shall not we, who know his favour,  
Who now celebrate his feast,  
And have felt his name's sweet favour,  
Melting, smite upon our breast ?
- 3 View, believers, sin's great evil ;  
Look to Him on whom 'twas cast !  
Knowing that your nature's sinful,  
Sin detesting, smite your breast.
- 4 When we view the grief of Jesus,  
With our load of guilt opprest !  
We believing, know him gracious,  
And would humbly smite our breast.
- 5 Penitent, for Jesus panting,  
Never may we sinful rest ;  
But, while holiness is wanting,  
Ever smite upon our breast.
- 6 Never till our habitation  
Is in heav'n, from sin releas'd,  
Shall we find complete salvation,  
But have cause to smite our breast.
- 7 Then our sorrows all shall vanish !  
We shall dwell amongst the blest !  
Jesus' love all fear shall banish ;  
Love shall fill each happy breast.

## HYMN 94. 8 &amp; 7.

*Gratitude for the atonement.*

1 **H**AIL, thou once despised Jesus,  
    Hail, thou Galilean King !  
    Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
    Thou didst free salvation bring.

2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
    Bearer of our sin and shame !  
    By thy merits we find favour ;  
    Life is given through thy name.

3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
    All our sins on thee were laid :  
    By Almighty Love anointed,  
    Thou hast full atonement made.

4 All thy people are forgiv'n,  
    Through the virtue of thy blood :  
    Open'd is the gate of heav'n ;  
    Peace descends to man from God.

5 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,  
    There forever to abide !  
    All the heav'nly host adore thee,  
    Seated at thy Father's side.

6 There for sinners thou art pleading,  
    There thou dost our place prepare ;  
    Ever for us interceding,  
    Till in glory we appear.

7 Worship, honour, pow'r and blessing  
    Thou art worthy to receive :  
    Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
    Meet it is for us to give.

8 Help, ye bright angelic spirits !  
    Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
    Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;  
    Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

## HYMN 95. Eights.

HART.

*The resurrection and glory of Christ.*

- 1 BEHOLD ! the bright morning appears,  
And Jesus revives from the grave !  
His rising removes all our fears,  
And proves him Almighty to save.
- 2 How strong were his tears and his cries !  
The worth of his blood how divine !  
How perfect his great sacrifice,  
Who rose, though he suffer'd for sin !
- 3 The man who was crowned with thorns,  
The man who on Calvary dy'd,  
The man who bore scourging and scorn,  
Whom sinners agreed to deride ;
- 4 Now blessed forever is made,  
And life has rewarded his pain ;  
Now glory has crowned his head ;  
This is the true Lamb that was slain !
- 5 Believing, we share in his joy,  
By faith we partake of his rest ;  
With him we can cheerfully die,  
For with him we hope to be blest.
- 6 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come !

## HYMN 96. 5 &amp; 11.

*Exulting in salvation.*

- 1 O GOD of all grace,  
Thy goodness we praise ;  
Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place !

2 With joy we approve  
The design of thy love ;  
'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

3 He hath ransom'd our race ;  
O how shall we praise,  
Or worthily sing thy unspeakable grace ?

4 Nothing else will we know  
In our journey below,  
But singing thy grace, to thy paradise go.

5 Nay, and when we remove  
To the mansions above,  
Our heav'n shall still be to sing of thy love.

6 Thrice happy employ !  
We there shall enjoy  
A fullness of pleasure that never can cloy.

7 O hasten the day !  
Thou wilt not delay,  
But quickly return, and conduct us away.

8 Ere long we shall fly  
To the regions on high,  
For Israel's Strength cannot vary nor lie.

## HYMN 97. Sevens. WESLEY'S COLL.

*Christ's resurrection.*

1 **H**AIL the day that sees him rise,  
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !  
Christ, a while to mortals giv'n,  
Reascends his native heav'n.

2 There the pompous triumph waits :  
Lift your heads, eternal gates !  
Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
Take the King of Glory in !

3 Him though highest heaven receives,  
Still he loves the earth he leaves :  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls the saints his own.

4 Still for us he intercedes ;  
Prevalent his death he pleads :  
Next himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.

5 Master, (may we ever say)  
Taken from our head to-day ;  
See thy faithful servants, see,  
Ever gazing up to thee.

6 Grant, though parted from our sight,  
High above yon azure height ;  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Following thee beyond the skies.

7 Ever upward let us move,  
Wafted on the wings of love :  
Looking when our Lord shall come,  
Waiting, longing for our home.

8 There we shall with thee remain,  
Partners of thine endless reign ;  
There thy face unclouded see,  
Find our heav'n of heav'n in thee.

## HYMN 98. P. M.

*Whom having not seen, ye love, &c. 1 Pet. i. 8.*

THOUGH not with mortal eyes we see  
Our dear Immanuel's face ;  
Let we behold him on the tree  
By faith—and cry, lo, this is he  
Who suffer'd our disgrace !

2 Lo, this is he, that spotless Lamb,  
Our sacrifice for sin !  
Believing hearts, with love's pure flame,  
On earth rejoice in Jesus' name,  
And feel their heav'n begin.

3 His courts below they love to tread,  
And long to meet him there,  
To have their souls divinely fed  
With rich supplies, from him their head,  
Drawn in by faith and pray'r.

4 Yet, O how oft corruptions rise,  
And fiery darts assail ;  
But those who are divinely wise  
Will keep in view the heav'nly prize,  
And faith shall still prevail.

5 Kind Author of each bliss we prove,  
Thy goodness we adore,  
Till, with thy ransom'd race above,  
We see thy face, and sing thy love,  
And praise thee evermore.

HYMN 99. L. M.

WATTS.

*Love on a cross and a throne.*

1 NOW let our faith grow strong, and rise,  
And view our Lord in all his love ;  
Look back to hear his dying cries,  
Then mount and see his throne above.

2 See where he languish'd on the cross ;  
Beneath our sins he groan'd and dy'd ;  
See where he sits to plead our cause  
By his Almighty Father's side.

3 If we behold his bleeding heart,  
There love in floods of sorrow reigns ;

He triumphs o'er the killing smart,  
And seals our pleasure with his pains.

4 Or if we climb th' eternal hills,  
Where the dear Conqu'ror sits enthron'd ;  
Still in his heart compassion dwells,  
Near the memorials of his wound.

5 How shall vile pardon'd rebels show  
How much they love their dying God ?  
Lord, here we'd banish every foe,  
We hate the sins that cost thy blood.

6 Commerce, no more, we hold with hell,  
Our dearest lusts shall all depart ;  
But let thine image ever dwell  
Stamp'd as a seal on every heart.

## HYMN 100. L. M.

STEELE.

*Exercise of Christian graces desired.*

1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,  
(Dear name, by heav'n and earth ador'd !)  
Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,  
Are weak and languishing and low ;  
Far, far above our humble songs,  
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around his board we meet,  
And humbly worship at his feet ;  
O let our warm affections move,  
In glad returns of grateful love !

4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,  
To see thy wondrous love display'd,  
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,  
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5 Let humble penitential wo,  
 With painful, pleasing anguish, flow;  
 And thy forgiving smiles impart  
 Life, hope and joy to every heart.

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## HYMN 101. 5 &amp; 11.

*Comfort in obedience.*

1 **A**H! tell us no more  
 The spirit and pow'r  
 Of Jesus our God  
 Is not to be found in this life-giving food.

2 Did Jesus ordain  
 His supper in vain,  
 And furnish a feast,  
 For none but his earliest servants to taste?

3 Nay; but this is his will,  
 (We know it and feel)  
 That we should partake  
 The banquet for us he so freely did make.

4 In rapturous bliss  
 He bids us do this,  
 The joy it imparts  
 Hath witness'd his gracious design in our hearts.

5 'Tis God we believe,  
 Who cannot deceive;  
 The witness of God  
 Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.

6 Receiving the bread,  
 On Jesus we feed;  
 It doth not appear  
 His manner of working; but Jesus is here.

## HYMN 102. C. M.

STEELE.

*The wonders of redemption.*

- 1 AND did the holy and the just,  
The Sovereign of the skies,  
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,  
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,  
His radiant throne on high,  
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)  
To suffer, bleed and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffer'd in his stead;  
For man, (O miracle of grace!)  
For man, the Saviour bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell  
In thy atoning blood!  
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,  
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends  
To love so full, so free;  
And may I hope that love extends  
Its sacred power to me?
- 6 What glad return can I impart  
For favours so divine?  
O take my all—this worthless heart,  
And make it only thine.

## HYMN 103. L. M. S. STENNELL.

*The triumphs of the cross.*

- 1 NO more, dear Saviour, will I boast  
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause:  
The world hath all its glories lost,  
Amid the triumphs of thy cross.

2 In ev'ry feature of thy face,  
 Beauty her fairest charms displays ;  
 Truth, wisdom, majesty and grace  
 Shine thence in sweetly mingled rays.

3 Thy wealth the pow'r of thought transcends ;  
 'Tis vast, immense, and all divine :  
 Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends ;  
 The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.

4 Yet, (O how marvellous the sight !)  
 I see thee on a cross expire ;  
 Thy Godhead veil'd in sable night ;  
 And angels from the scene retire.

5 But, why from these sad scenes retreat ?  
 Why with your wings your faces hide ?  
 He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,  
 As when he bow'd his head and dy'd.

6 The indignation of a God  
 On him avenging justice hurl'd :  
 Beneath the weight he firmly stood,  
 And nobly sav'd a falling world.

7 These triumphs of stupendous grace  
 Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart ;  
 Lord, at thy cross I stand and gaze,  
 Nor would I ever thence depart !

## HYMN 104. 5 &amp; 11. WILLIAMS' COLL.

*Jesus the atoning Saviour. Lam. i. 12.*

1 **A**LL ye that pass by,  
 To Jesus draw nigh ;  
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?

2 Our ransom and peace,  
 Our surety he is,  
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his !

3 The Lord, in the day  
Of his vengeance, did lay  
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

4 He dies to atone  
For sins not his own ; [done.  
Our debt he hath paid, and our work he hath

5 For you and for me  
He pray'd on the tree ;  
The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free.

6 My pardon I claim,  
A sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

7 With joy we approve  
The plan of his love ;  
A wonder below, and a wonder above !

8 When time is no more,  
We still shall adore  
That ocean of love, without bottom or shore !

## HYMN 105. C. M. S. STENNÈTT.

*My flesh is meat indeed, &c.* John vi. 53, 54, 55.

1 **H**ERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,  
To feed on food divine :  
Thy body is the bread we eat,  
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,  
Himself comes down and dies ;  
And then invites us, thus to feast  
Upon the sacrifice.

3 The bitter torments he endur'd  
Upon the shameful cross,

For us, his welcome guests, procur'd  
These heart-reviving joys.

4 His body torn with rudest hands,  
Becomes the finest bread ;  
And with the blessing he commands,  
Our noblest hopes are fed.

5 His blood, that from each op'ning vein  
In purple torrents ran,  
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rōus wine,  
That cheers both God and man.

6 Sure there was never love so free,  
Dear Saviour, so divine !  
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,  
Which owes so much to thine.

7 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,  
My soul, my strength, my all :  
With life itself I'll freely part,  
My Jesus, at thy call.

HYMN 106. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Love to Christ and saints.*

1 JESUS, the friend of man,  
Invites us round his board ;  
The welcome summons we obey,  
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we survey that love  
Which spoke in every breath,  
Which crown'd each action of his life,  
And triumph'd in his death.

3 Here let our pow'rs unite,  
His honour'd name to raise ;  
Pleasure and joy fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.

4 And while we share the gifts  
 His bounteous hands bestow,  
 Let ev'ry heart, in friendship join'd,  
 With kind affections glow.

5 Let love inspire each breast,  
 And dictate ev'ry thought ;  
 Be angry passions far remov'd,  
 And selfish views forgot.

6 Our souls expanded wide  
 By our Redeemer's grace,  
 Shall, in the arms of fervent love,  
 All heav'n and earth embrace.

## HYMN 107. 3 &amp; 7, peculiar.

*Jesus' death and glorious dignity.*

1 SEE the Lord of Glory dying,  
 See him gasping, hear him crying,  
 See his burden'd bosom heave ;  
 Look, ye sinners, ye who hung him,  
 Look how deep your sins have stung him ;  
 Dying sinners, look and live.

2 See the rocks and mountains shaking,  
 Earth unto her centre quaking,  
 Nature's groans awake the dead ;  
 Look on Phebus, struck with wonder,  
 While the peals of legal thunder  
 Smite the blest Redeemer's head.

3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,  
 Chanting to the tuneful regions,  
 Cease to trill the quiv'ring string :  
 Songs seraphic, all suspended,  
 Till the mighty war is ended  
 By the all-victorious King.

4 Hell, and all the pow'rs infernal,  
 Vanquish'd by the King eternal,  
 When he pour'd the vital flood !  
 By his groans, which shook creation,  
 Lo ! we found the proclamation,  
 " Peace and pardon through his blood."

5 Shout, ye saints, with admiration ;  
 Fill with songs the wide creation,  
 Since he's risen from the grave :  
 Shout with joy and acclamation,  
 To the Rock of your salvation,  
 Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear with patience tribulation,  
 Overcoming all temptation,  
 Till the glorious jubilee ;  
 Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder,  
 Then shall we adore and wonder,  
 Singing on the highest key.

7 See the blissful scene before us ;  
 Join the universal chorus ;  
 Bid the flowing numbers rise !  
 Songs immortal sweetly sounding,  
 Notes angelic loud rebounding,  
 Trembling round the vocal skies.

## HYMN 108. L. M.

STEELE.

*A dying Saviour.*

1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,  
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise !  
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,  
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide !

2 But life attends the deathful sound,  
 And flows from every bleeding wound ;

The vital stream, how free it flows,  
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

3 To suffer in the traitor's place,  
To die for man, surprising grace !  
Yet pass rebellious angels by—  
O why for man, dear Saviour, why ?

4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed ?  
And could the sun behold the deed ?  
No ! he withdrew his sickening ray,  
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

5 Can I survey this scene of wo,  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;  
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,  
Insensible to love or pain ?

6 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,  
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;  
Till all its pow'rs and passions move  
In melting grief and ardent love.

## HYMN 109. C. M.

COWPER.

*Welcome to the table.*

1 THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,  
And God invites to sup ;  
The juices of the living vine  
Were press'd to fill the cup.

2 O bless the Saviour, ye that eat,  
With royal dainties fed :  
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,  
For Jesus is the bread !

3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,  
Ye trembling souls appear !  
The righteous in their own esteem,  
Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse  
The banquet spread for you ;  
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,  
Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,  
And may obtain a place ;  
Surely the Lord will welcome me,  
And I shall see his face.

---

## HYMN 110. C. M.

ORIGINAL.

*The glory of Christ in his humiliation.*

1 THAT was an hour of deepest gloom,  
Appalling Jesus' friends,  
When he, a sacrifice for sin,  
Was left to hellish fiends !

2 Yet he declar'd to murd'rous men,  
(A subject of their pow'r)  
"Against me ye could not prevail  
"Unless 'twere Satan's hour.

3 " My heav'nly Father I could pray ;  
" He always hears my cry :  
" Legions of angels would he send,  
" And your vain rage defy."

4 Forthwith is seen the pow'r of Christ !  
A band of men appear ;  
With majesty his foes he meets,  
And strikes their hearts with fear !

5 He asks, " Whom seek ye ?" They reply,  
' Jesus the Nazarene ?'  
" If me ye seek, behold I AM !"  
And straight THE GOD is seen !

6 His Godhead's rays of glory shone  
These guilty men around :

They backward went, and, 'maz'd with awe,  
Fell prostrate on the ground !

7 But Christ *must* die ! Himself he yields,  
Lost sinners to redeem !  
His pow'r, and love, and grace display'd,  
Should be our constant theme.

8 Freely he gave his life for our's ;  
He lives to give us grace :  
Let all our pow'rs of heart and tongue  
His name forever praise.

## HYMN 111. C. M.

NEWTON.

*Looking at the cross.*

1 IN evil long I took delight,  
Unaw'd by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood ;  
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair ;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,  
But now my tears are vain ;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?  
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,  
 " I freely all forgive ;  
 " This blood is for thy ransom paid ;  
 " I'll die, that thou may'st live."

---

## HYMN 112. C. M. WHITEFIELD's COL.

*Rejoicing in the name of Jesus.*

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
 We love to hear of thee ;  
 No music like thy charming name,  
 Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear thy voice  
 In mercy to us speak !  
 And in our Priest will we rejoice,  
 Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
 While in this world we stay ;  
 We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,  
 When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
 With all his favour'd throng,  
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And Christ shall be our song.

---

## HYMN 113. L. M.

NEWTON.

*That rock was Christ. 1 Cor. x. 4.*

1 WHEN Isr'el's tribes were parch'd with thirst,  
 Forth from the rock the waters burst :  
 And all their future journey through  
 Yielded them drink and gospel too !

2 In Moses' rod a type they saw  
 Of his severe and fiery law :

The smitten rock prefigur'd him,  
From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream.

3 But ah ! the types were all too faint,  
His sorrows or his worth to paint :  
Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,  
But he endur'd the wrath of God.

4 Their outward rock could feel no pain,  
But our's was wounded, torn, and slain ;  
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,  
But Jesus pour'd forth streams of blood.

5 The earth is like their wilderness,  
A land of drought and sore distres ;  
Without one stream from pole to pole,  
To satisfy a thirsty soul.

6 But let the Saviour's praise resound ;  
In him refreshing streams are found,  
Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,  
And thirsty sinners drink and live.

---

HYMN 114. L. M. WILLIAMS' COLL.  
*A glance at Gethsemane.*

1 COME, all ye chosen saints of God,  
That long to feel the cleansing blood,  
In pensive pleasure join with me,  
To sing of sad Gethsemane.

2 'Twas here the Lord of Life appear'd,  
And sigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd, and fear'd ;  
Bore all incarnate God could bear,  
With strength enough—and none to spare !

3 Dispatch'd from heav'n, an angel stood,  
Amaz'd to find Him bath'd in blood,  
Ador'd by angels, and obey'd,  
But lower now than angels made.

4 He stood to strengthen, not to fight—  
Justice exacts its utmost right !  
This victim vengeance will pursue ;  
He undertook, and must go through.

5 And why, dear Saviour, tell me why  
Thou thus would'st suffer, bleed, and die ?  
What mighty motive could thee move ?  
'The motive's plain ; 'twas all for love !

6 O love of unexpected kind !  
That leaves all thought so far behind ;  
Where length, and breadth, and depth, and  
Are lost to my astonish'd sight. [height,

## HYMN 115. 8 &amp; 7.

*Jesus an atoning Priest.*

1 GREAT High Priest, we view thee stooping,  
With our names upon thy breast ;  
In the garden groaning, drooping,  
To the ground with sorrow prest.

2 Weeping angels stood confounded,  
To behold their Maker thus :  
And can we remain unwounded,  
When we know 'twas all for us ?

3 On the cross thy body broken  
Cancels ev'ry penal tie ;  
Tempted souls, produce the token,  
All demands to satisfy.

4 All is finish'd, do not doubt it,  
But believe your dying Lord ;  
Never reason more about it,  
Only take him at his word.

5 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,  
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt ;

Praised Bridegroom, take us wholly,  
Take and make us what thou wilt.

6 Thou hast borne the bitter sentence  
Past on man's devoted race :  
True belief and true repentance  
Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

---

## HYMN 116. S. M. WILLIAMS' COLL.

*Christ's dying love.*

1 WE sing the Saviour's love,  
That pity'd wretched man,  
Delighting in the thoughts of peace,  
Ere time and worlds began.

2 We see its smiling ray  
Out-shining at his birth,  
And trace its lustre day by day,  
While he sojourn'd on earth.

3 But, in his closing hour,  
How infinite his grace !  
When, bow'd beneath the curse, he dy'd,  
To save our ruin'd race.

4 Ten thousand thousand songs,  
With the first seraph's flame,  
Sink far below th' unbounded praise  
Due to Immanuel's name.

---

## HYMN 117. S. M.

*Song to Jesus.*

1 NOW let each happy guest  
The sacred concert raise,  
To close the honours of the feast,  
And sing the Master's praise.

2 His condescending love  
First calls our wonder forth :  
He left the blessed realms above,  
To dwell with men on earth.

3 His precepts how divine !  
How suited to our state !  
How bright his acts of mercy shine !  
His promises how great !

4 Redemption's mighty plan,  
How wondrous in our view !  
The salutary source to man  
Of peace and pardon too.

5 Kind Author of the grace  
So largely, freely given,  
Upon our souls thine image trace,  
And form us fit for heav'n !

## HYMN 118. L. M.

J. PROUD.

*Christ's conquest.*

1 JESUS, the man of love, we sing,  
The creature's Servant and their King :  
In robes of flesh the Saviour came,  
And bore for us contempt and shame.

2 Upon the cross he yields his breath,  
A painful and a shameful death :  
But Jesus conquer'd when he fell,  
And triumph'd over death and hell.

3 A fallen world he came to save,  
He rose victorious from the grave :  
His death and resurrection prove,  
How vast his pow'r, how great his love.

4 By suffering and temptation try'd,  
Jesus our nature glorify'd ;

Redeem'd our souls from sin and pain,  
And open'd heav'n to us again.

5 To Jesus be all glory giv'n,  
Saviour of men, and God of heav'n :  
His dying love we joyful sing,  
And triumph in our God and King.

---

HYMN 119. L. M. · · · PRES. DAVIES.

*Self-dedication at the Lord's table.*

1 LORD, am I thine, entirely thine ?  
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine ?  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thee my new Master now I call,  
And consecrate to thee, my all :  
Lord, let me live and die to thee,  
Be thine through all eternity.

---

HYMN 120. Sevens.

TOP LADY.

*Rock smitten ; or, the Rock of Ages.* Isa. xxvi. 4.

1 ROCK of Ages, shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee !  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands :  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;  
Black, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

## HYMN 121. Elevens.

*Christ's sufferings and following glory.*

1 I LONG for a concert of heavenly praise  
To Jesus the God, the omnipotent Son,  
My voice should awake in harmonious lays,  
Could it tell half the wonders that Jesus hath done.

2 All hell with its lions stood roaring around,  
His flesh and his spirit with malice they tore,  
While worlds full of sorrow lay pressing him down,  
So vast was the burden of sins that he bore !

3 Fast bound in the chains of imperious death,  
The Infinite Captive a prisoner lay ;  
But th' Infinite Captive arose from the earth,  
And ascended for us to celestial day.

4 All nature united, how vain had they strove  
This infinite load of just wrath to sustain :  
He only had strength, and He only had love  
To give this salvation completely to men.

5 Then mention no more of the wrath of a God,  
Of the lions of hell, and their roaring, no more ;  
But lift up your eyes to his shining abode,  
And boast of his merits and ransoming power.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[The following Hymns are not arranged under distinct heads ; but an index of subjects is given at the end, to which the reader is referred.]

## HYMN 122. L. M.

BURNHAM.

*The Trinity in Unity.*

- 1 THE sacred word to man makes known,  
God's glorious Essence is but One ;  
But, O ye saints, with wonder see,  
The One great God exists in Three !
- 2 These Persons Three, in God supreme,  
Are one in nature, one in name ;  
And the bright oracles declare,  
These Persons all co-equal are.
- 3 Though not the highest saint can tell  
The mode, how Three in One can dwell ;  
Yet the grand truth will ever shine  
Clear as the sun to faith divine.
- 4 Yes ; 'tis a truth divinely bright,  
A truth in which the saints delight ;  
Here their melodious notes they raise,  
And give each Person equal praise.
- 5 Yea, all the great angelic host  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
Ravish'd with each endearing name,  
In songs the mystery proclaim.
- 6 To thee, thou great eternal God,  
May we approach, through Jesus' blood ;  
The Triune Majesty adore  
For ever and for evermore.

## HYMN 123. L. M.

BURNHAM.

*The eternity of God's love.*

- 1 YE who the highest joys would prove,  
O think on everlasting love !  
Before all worlds it did exist,  
In great Jehovah's glorious breast.
- 2 Then, O how ancient is the date,  
How free, and how supremely great !  
So great, that mortals here below  
Ne'er can express nor fully know !
- 3 Eternal love join'd Abrah'm's seed  
To Jesu, their eternal Head,  
Stor'd his rich fullness with all good ;  
Thence we receive the choicest food.
- 4 All the vast blessings time can bring,  
From this eternal fountain spring ;  
The sacred streams yield heav'nly peace,  
Celestial joy and growing bliss.
- 5 This love abundantly confirms  
The wav'ring faith of feeble worms ;  
O, 'tis an everlasting rock  
For all the dear Redeemer's flock.
- 6 Now, Lord, this precious love impart  
To ev'ry broken, contrite heart ;  
May each repenting sinner prove  
The joys of everlasting love.

## HYMN 124. L. M.

COWPER.

*The Lord's presence.* Ezek. xlvi. 35.

- 1 AS birds their infant brood protect,  
And spread their wings to shelter them ;  
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,  
"So will I guard Jerusalem."

2 And what then is Jerusalem,  
This darling object of his care?  
Where is its worth in God's esteem?  
Who built it? who inhabits there?

3 Jehovah founded it in blood,  
The blood of his incarnate Son;  
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,  
The sinners whom he calls his own.

4 There, though besieg'd on every side,  
Yet much belov'd and guarded well;  
From age to age they have defy'd  
The utmost force of earth and hell.

5 Let earth repent, and hell despair;  
This city has a sure defence;  
Her name is call'd, "The Lord is there,"  
And who has pow'r to drive them thence.

## HYMN 125. H. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Jesus seen of angels.* 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 O YE immortal throng  
Of angels round the throne,  
Join with our feeble song  
To make the Saviour known;  
On earth ye knew  
His wondrous grace,  
His beauteous face  
In heav'n ye view.

2 Ye saw the heav'n-born Child  
In human flesh array'd,  
Benevolent and mild,  
While in the manger laid:  
And praise to God,  
And peace on earth,

For such a birth,  
Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the wildernes  
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,  
Well known in every dress,  
In every combat foil'd ;  
And joy'd to crown  
The Victor's head,  
When Satan fled  
Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree  
Ye press'd with strong desire,  
That wondrous fight to see,  
The Lord of Life expire ;  
And, could your eyes  
Have known a tear,  
Had dropp'd it there  
In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb  
A willing watch ye keep ;  
Till the blest moment come  
To rouse him from his sleep :  
Then roll'd the stone,  
And all ador'd  
Your rising Lord,  
With joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in light  
The shining Conqu'ror rode,  
Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight  
Up to the throne of God ;  
And wav'd around  
Your golden wings,  
And struck your strings  
Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,  
 And louder anthems raise ;  
 While mortals sing with you  
 Their own Redeemer's praise :  
 And thou, my heart,  
 With equal flame,  
 And joy the same,  
 Perform thy part.

---

HYMN 126. Sevens. HOLDEN.

*Peter's release ; or, the efficacy of prayer.*

1 " WHO will ope the iron gate ?  
 " Who will set the pris'ner free ?  
 " Who will break the massy chains,  
 " Cruel Herod bound on me ?"

2 Peter thus in bondage lay,  
 Hopeless, yet without a groan :  
 But the pray'rs of all the church  
 Ceasels rose before the throne.

3 Just before the cruel Jews  
 Were to see their victim slain,  
 Lo ! an angel from above  
 Loos'd the captive from his chain.

4 " Rise up quick," the angel cry'd,  
 (While the light around him shone)  
 " Gird thyself and follow me."  
 But he wist not what was done.

5 Now he 'wakes and looks around—  
 Nothing sees to give him fear :  
 " Of a surety," Peter cries,  
 " God hath sent his angel here."

6 " Where's the prison and the bars ?  
 " Where the gloomy dungeon too ?

“ Yonder orb and friendly stars  
 “ Tell me I am free from you.”

7 Sinners, this is just your case !  
 Bound in Satan’s slavish chain ;  
 Till the Saviour set you free,  
 You in prison will remain.

---

HYMN 127. *Sevens.* RIPPON’S COLL.

*Redeeming love.*

1 NOW begin the heav’ly theme,  
 Sing aloud in Jesus’ name :  
 Ye, who his salvation prove,  
 Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father’s grace  
 Beaming in the Saviour’s face,  
 As to Canaan on ye move,  
 Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
 Banish all your guilty fears ;  
 See your guilt and curse remove,  
 Cancell’d by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas ! who long have been  
 Willing slaves of death and sin,  
 Now from bliss no longer rove,  
 Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,  
 Welcome to his sacred rest ;  
 Nothing brought him from above,  
 Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,  
 When we to his glory come,  
 We shall all the fullness prove  
 Of our Lord’s redeeming love.

7 He subdu'd th' infernal powers,  
 Those tremendous foes of our's,  
 From their cursed empire drove ;  
 Mighty in redeeming love.

8 Hither, then, your music bring,  
 Strike aloud each cheerful string ;  
 Mortals, join the host above,  
 Join to praise redeeming love.

## HYMN 128. 7 &amp; 6.

*Christians addressing the gospel minister.*

1 O SIR, we would see Jesus,  
 The blessed Prince of Love,  
 He only can relieve us,  
 And all our griefs remove.

O tell us as a preacher,  
 Where Jesus Christ doth dwell,  
 Describe his charming feature,  
 His glowing beauties tell.

2 O sir, we would see Jesus,  
 The sinner's constant Friend,  
 We know he won't deceive us,  
 But love us to the end ;  
 His blessed word assures us,  
 His hidden ones shall stand,  
 His mighty arm secures us,  
 From all the hostile band.

O sir, we would see Jesus,  
 The glorious King of Grace,  
 A sight of him would ease us,  
 And fill our souls with peace !  
 We would behold his beauty,  
 And run into his arms,

And learn the Christian's duty,  
Amidst those blessed charms.

4 O sir, we would see Jesus,  
As Prophet, Priest and King ;  
We hope he will receive us,  
Though we are poor and mean ;  
For in the holy scriptures,  
This sacred truth we find,  
He saves such wretched creatures,  
Of meek and lowly mind.

5 O sir, we would see Jesus,  
And at his feet adore ;  
His ways although mysterious,  
We humbly would explore ;  
O tell us were to find him,  
And how we may him know ;  
Where does this Rose of Sharon,  
This spotless Lilly grow ?

6 O sir, we would see Jesus,  
And hearken to his voice,  
O this would greatly please us  
And make our hearts rejoice :  
This sound is so inviting,  
It brings the dead to life ;  
This sound is so transporting,  
It ends the sinner's strife.

7 O sir, we would see Jesus,  
Descending from above,  
And making up his jewels,  
The objects of his love ;  
The sun and moon in mourning,  
The stars of heaven fall,  
The awful trumpet sounding  
The universal call.

8 O sir, we would see Jesus !  
 On that great burning day  
 He'll take up his believers,  
 And carry them away  
 To their bright seats in glory,  
 Forever there to sing,  
 And tell the blessed story  
 Of Jesus Christ their King.

## PAUSE.

9 O when shall I see Jesus,  
 And reign with him above ;  
 And from that flowing fountain  
 Drink everlasting love ?  
 When shall I be deliver'd  
 From this vain world of sin,  
 And with my blessed Jesus  
 Drink endless pleasures in ?

10 But now I am a soldier,  
 My Captain's gone before,  
 He's given me my orders,  
 And bid me not give o'er !  
 His faithful word has promis'd  
 A righteous crown to give,  
 And all his valiant soldiers  
 Eternal life shall have.

11 Through grace I am determin'd  
 To conquer, though I die,  
 And then away to Jesus,  
 On wings of love, I'll fly.  
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
 I bid you all adieu ;  
 And O my friends, prove faithful,  
 And on your way pursue.

12 And if you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray.  
Gird on the heav'nly armour  
Of faith, and hope, and love !  
Then, when the combat's ended,  
He'll carry you above.

13 O do not be discourag'd,  
For Jesus is your friend ;  
And if you want more knowledge,  
He'll not refuse to lend :  
Neither will he upbraid you,  
Though oft'ner you request ;  
He'll give you grace to conquer,  
And take you home to rest.

14 And when the last loud trumpet  
Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
And bid the sleeping millions  
From their cold beds arise,  
Our ransom'd dust, revived,  
Bright beauties shall put on,  
And soar to the blest mansion  
Where our Redeemer's gone.

15 Our eyes shall then with rapture  
The Saviour's face behold ;  
Our feet, no more diverted,  
Shall walk the streets of gold :  
Our ears shall hear with transport  
The hosts celestial sing :  
Our tongues shall chant the glories  
Of our immortal King.

16 There we shall reign triumphant  
 Upon the blissful shore,  
 And shout with the redeemed,  
 " Our trials all are o'er ;  
 " The wicked cease from troubling,  
 " Our weary souls have rest ;  
 " We now shall live with Jesus  
 " Eternal ages blest."

17 We shall outvie the angels  
 With the redeemed throng,  
 And shout aloud, " Salvation !"  
 'Twill be our endless song.  
 They sing creating goodness,  
 But we redeeming love ;  
 'Tis this shall be our glory  
 In realms of joy above.

## HYMN 129. 5 &amp; 6. MADAN'S COLL.

*Salvation to Christ our King. Rev. vii. 9—12.*

1 YE servants of God,  
 Your Master proclaim,  
 And publish abroad  
 His wonderful name.  
 The name all victorious  
 Of Jesus extol ;  
 His kingdom is glorious,  
 And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,  
 Almighty to save,  
 And still he is nigh,  
 His presence we have ;  
 The great congregation  
 His triumph shall sing,

Ascribing salvation .

To Jesus our King.

3      Salvation to God,  
Who sits on the throne ;  
Let all cry aloud,  
And honour the Son :  
Our Jesus's praises  
The angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces,  
And worship the Lamb.

4      Then let us adore  
And give him his right ;  
All glory and pow'r,  
And wisdom, and might ;  
All honour and blessing,  
With angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing,  
And infinite love.

## HYMN 130. S. M.

ORIGINAL.

*The reign of grace.\**

1      I SING the reign of grace !  
Its sovereign pow'r I sing :  
Jehovah is its fountain-head,  
Its everlasting spring !

2      Before the earth was form'd,  
Or sun with brightness shone,  
He purpos'd that his love and grace  
Sinners should be known.

3      This glorious reigning grace  
The Father God display'd,

\* Written Lord's day, Dec. 13, 1807, after hearing  
sermon from Rom. v. 21.

In freely giving his dear Son,  
Their Sacrifice and Head.

4 The Son as freely comes ;  
And for their sin he dies ;  
The Holy Spirit seals this grace,  
And all this love applies.

5 This reign of grace I feel ;  
Its righteousness I prove :  
Jesus has conquer'd this vile heart,  
And shed abroad his love.

6 Rais'd from the grave of sin,  
I sing the reign of grace !  
My voice I'll evermore employ  
In shouting Jesus' praise.

## HYMN 131. C. M. MADAN'S COLL.

*Prayer for a quick understanding in the fear of the Lord.*

1 ALMIGHTY God of truth and love,  
In me thy pow'r exert ;  
The mountain from my soul remove,  
The hardness of my heart.

2 My most obdurate heart subdue,  
In honour of thy Son ;  
And now the gracious wonder shew,  
And take away the stone.

3 I want a principle within,  
Of jealous, godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.

4 I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or vain desire,  
To catch the wand'rings of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.

5 From thee that I no more may part,  
 No more thy goodness grieve,  
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
 The tender conscience give.

6 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
 O God, my conscience make ;  
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake.

## HYMN 132. H. M.

J. PROUD.

*Necessity of purity in the church and in professors.*

1 If we would enter in  
 New Salem's happy gate,  
 We must depart from sin,  
 And ev'ry evil hate ;  
 Nothing unclean must here be found,  
 No evil seen ; 'tis holy ground.

2 No hypocrite's disguise,  
 Nor subtle falsehood here ;  
 From all deceit and lies  
 The conscience must be clear :  
 Jesus alone is sovereign Lord,  
 To him is known each thought and word.

3 This kingdom is for those,  
 Who love his holy name,  
 Nor can Jehovah's foes  
 The holy city claim :  
 'Tis only free for men of love,  
 Whose hearts are set on things above.

4 Here such shall joyful feed,  
 And drink the living wine ;  
 From thirst and hunger freed,  
 And on the Lord recline :

He will provide, and we shall be  
With good supply'd ; his grace is free.

5 There is no danger here,  
No lurking foes are found,  
Nor shall we need to fear ;  
We stand on holy ground.

Safe and secure we here may rest,  
And shall endure, forever blest.

### HYMN 133. Elevens.

*The great harvest, or the end of the world.*

1 THE fields are all white, and the harvest is near,  
The reapers now with their sharp sickles appear  
To reap down the wheat, and to store it in barn ;  
But th' wild plants of nature must evermore burn.

2 Come then, O my soul, meditate on that day  
When all things in nature shall cease and decay,  
When th' trumpet shall sound, and the angels appear,  
To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tare.

3 But hear the sad cry that ascends to the sky,  
Of those in distress, that have no where to fly ! ~  
They'll call on the rocks and the mountains to fall  
Upon them, to hide from the great Judge of all !

4 But 'twill be in vain ; for the mountains must flee,  
The rocks fly like hailstones, and shall no more be ;  
The earth too shall quake, the broad seas shall retire,  
And this solid world shall then all be on fire !

5 But hear the kind Judge in that great day's alarm,  
"First gather my saints and bring them to my arms,  
That th' seven last plagues may be pour'd out on those  
Who've blasphem'd my name and my saints have  
oppos'd."

Then, O wretched mortals, look up, and spy  
The glorious Redeemer descend from the sky ;  
On a chariot of fire to the earth he is bound,  
With a guard of bright angels attending around.

7 "Come hither, ye nations, your sentence receive,  
No more shall my word you invite to believe !  
My judgment is right, my great sentence is just ;  
Come hither, ye bless'd ; but depart, all ye curs'd."

8 O sinners, take warning, and seek ye the Lord,  
I have not been jesting, it is Christ's own word,  
That those who've done good in his glory shall stand,  
But those who've done evil, shall surely be damn'd.

9 So farewell, I leave you to ponder your way,  
May th' Lord seal instruction from what I now say,  
Our souls to his throne let us pour out in pray'r,  
That all be prepar'd to meet Christ in the air.

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## HYMN 134. Elevens.

*The minister's trial and relief.*

1 AS lambs among wolves, Jesus' ministers go,  
Befet by a vain world, and every foe,  
Great dangers appearing, and sorrows arise,  
And tempests of trial oft darken their skies.

2 Flesh, and Satan, and world, disturb his repose ;  
What sorrowful seasons the minister knows !  
His own imperfections discourage his heart ;  
And slanders of brethren to grief add their part.

3 Oft when he goes forth to proclaim the glad news,  
Distress'd he looks back and his family views,  
Who need his kind help and assistance at home,  
And long for the time when their helper will come.

4 The church oft neglect him in times of distress,  
The world will despise too his humble address ;  
He's a fool and impostor in infidel's eyes,  
Who scoff when he tells them the dead shall arise.

5 Distress'd he looks round upon perishing souls,  
Whilst vengeance and wrath in loud thundering . . .  
And threatens the sinner with vast overthrow,  
In regions of darkness and horror below.

6 The church presents often a sorrowful scene ;  
 For parties arise and great jars lie between ;  
 Some formal and lifeless ; some will not be led ;  
 And others with visions and fancies are fed.

7 Thus while he looks round upon sinner and saint,  
 His heart is borne down, almost ready to faint ;  
 In all the distresses and sorrows he knows,  
 Where shall he apply for found joy and repose ?

8 To God his good friend ! who has made this decree,  
 " That as thy days are, ever shall thy strength be ; "  
 'Tis joyful indeed for his poor heart to find  
 His conscience approving, and God to him kind.

9 He sees, though poor sinners the gospel deride,  
 Make songs of the saints, & loud boast in their pride ;  
 Their triumphs are fleeting, they'll end in the grave ;  
 A portion in this life is all they will have.

10 Impenitent sinners are doom'd to depart !  
 'Tis just ; for they sinned with hand and with heart,  
 'Gainst judgments and callings, 'gainst conscience  
 and vows, [stows.

11 He sees, though the saints often stumble and stray,  
 And often in parties fall out by the way ;  
 Yet whole in their Surety, they'll soon be above  
 The frailties of nature, transported with love.

12 The Spirit of grace which his God doth impart,  
 Is often shed down to rejoice his weak heart ;  
 It strengthens his hope, and his patience and love ;  
 His zeal then takes fire, and his faith soars above.

13 He hopes in a short time the war will be o'er,  
 His soul will then rest upon Canaan's fair shore ;  
 The joys of thole mansions will richly reward  
 His crosses and trials in foll'wing His Lord.

14 Then cheerful I'll travel to meet every fœ,  
 And joyful march onwards where God bids me go,  
 I'll work while 'tis day ! and then rest when 'tis night,  
 In mansions of glory and endless delight.

15 The prophets in old time did labour more hard,  
But goat-skins and dens they receiv'd for reward ;  
Christ and his apostles wrought much in their day,  
And dungeons and gibbets they had for their pay.

16 We labour far less, but have much better fare !  
Then banish complaining, and all anxious care ;  
Confide in that God who hears young ravens cry,  
Be stedfast in duty till death shall draw nigh.

## HYMN 135. Elevens.

*Redemption in Christ.*

1 COME, friends and relations, let's join heart and hand ;  
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land !  
Let's all walk together, and follow the sound,  
And march to the place where redenption is found.

2 The place it is hidden, the place 'tis conceal'd,  
Nor can be known fully until 'tis reveal'd ;  
The place is in Jesus, to him we will go,  
And there find redemption from sin, death, and wo.

3 The place it is hidden, by reason of sin,  
For sinners see not the sad state they are in ;  
They're blinded, polluted, in prison and pain :  
O how can such rebels redenption obtain !

4 But if you feel wounded and bruis'd by the fall,  
Then look up to Jesus, 'tis you he doth call ;  
And if you are tempted to doubt or despair,  
Then come home to Jesus,—redenption is there.

5 And you, my dear b'thren, that love my dear Lord,  
Who've witness'd free pardon by faith in his word,  
Let patience attend you wherever you be,  
Your Saviour hath given redenption most free.

6 Soon will the archangel the last trumpet sound,  
And wake all the dead that sleep under the ground ;  
The sound of that trumpet will bid you arise,  
To meet your redenption with joyful surprise.

7 O ! then loving Jesus our souls will receive,  
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve ;

Then we shall be perfect, and we shall be free :  
We'll sing of redemption wherever we be.

8 Redeemed from sin, and redeemed from death,  
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the earth,  
Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from all wo ;  
We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.

9 Redeem'd from all sin, and redeem'd from distress ;  
The fruits of redemption no tongue can express :  
Redemption we owe to our Jesus's love ;  
We'll sing sweet redemption in glory above.

### HYMN 136. Elevens.

*The theme of redemption.*

1 **W**ITH pleasure, dear brethren, come let us record  
The manifold mercies of Jesus our Lord,  
Who lov'd us, redeem'd us from sin, death, and wo,  
That we might his glory and mercy all know.

2 This myst'ry, which Jesus our Saviour above  
Display'd in redemption, through infinite love,  
No being that's living, nor mortals of old,  
Nor angels, nor seraphs, can ever unfold.

3 Our souls, deep in ruin, quite lost, did he spy,  
And down he descended from mansions on high ;  
His love was so wondrous, his pity so great,  
He suffer'd for sinners, atonement to make.

4 And then he ascended, exalted on high,  
No more now to suffer, or sorrow, or die ;  
Then down did he send the good Spirit of Grace,  
Salvation to work in the hearts of our race.

5 The love of our Jesus, who did us redeem,  
And mercy, was then all our joy and our theme ;  
Sweet anthems, abounding with pleasure, we sung,  
Glory to Jesus was rais'd from each tongue.

6 On, then, ye Christians ; come, let us renew  
The theme of redemption : with pleasure pursue  
The path of obedience, through labours of love,  
We shall arrive in fair Canaan above.

## HYMN 137. P. M.

*The voice of free grace.*

1 THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain,  
For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a fountain,  
For sin, and transgression, and every pollution;  
The blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bless'd us with pardon,  
And we'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 This fountain so clear, in which all may find pardon,  
From Jesus' side flows, a plenteous redemption;  
Though your sins were as great and as high as a mountain,  
The blood it flows freely, in streams of salvation.  
Hallelujah, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride on! thy kingdom is glorious;  
Over sin, death, and hell thou wilt make us victorious:  
Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congregation,  
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.  
Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,  
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore;  
We'll range the blest fields, on the banks of the river,  
And sing hallelujah forever and ever.  
Hallelujah, &c.

## HYMN 138. S. M.

ORIGINAL.

*Hope maketh not ashamed. Rom. v. 5.*

1 HOPE is a grace divine;  
It saves the soul from shame,  
Because God's love is shed abroad,  
And burns, a holy flame.

2 Like ancient chaos, dark  
Is ev'ry sinner's heart;  
The Holy Spirit's pow'r and grace  
A glorious light impart.

3 Whilst those who fear not God  
Are bound in willing chains

Of bondage to their lust and pride,  
The saint full freedom gains.

4 Jesus his guilt removes ;  
His pardon's sign'd with blood :  
Deliver'd from all fears of wrath,  
He hopes to dwell with God.

5 To Christ within the veil  
He looks for perfect joy :  
Tempests of sin, and Satan's rage,  
This hope can ne'er destroy.

6 It rests on truth divine ;  
God's promises secure  
A crown of righteousness to saints,  
That always will endure.

## HYMN 139. C. M.

*Night thought.*

1 HOW can I sleep, when angels sing,  
And all the saints on high  
Cry glory to the eternal King,  
The Lamb that once did die.

2 When guardian angels fill the room,  
And, hov'ring round my bed,  
Clap their glad wings in love to him  
Who is my glorious Head ;

3 O how can I inactive lie,  
And thoughtless all the night,  
When those celestial spirits praise  
The Lord with all their might !

4 Those joyful spirits never sleep ;  
Their love is always new ;  
Then, O my soul, no longer cease  
To love and praise him too.

5 For I, of all the race that fell,  
     Or all the heav'nly host,  
     Have greatest cause with humble soul  
     To love and praise him most.

6 Did God the Father love men so,  
     As to bestow his Son  
     A ransom, sinners to redeem,  
     And save from wrath to come!

7 Did Jesus leave the Father's breast,  
     That heav'n of heav'ns on high,  
     And come to earth, this world of wo,  
     For guilty men to die?

8 And has the Holy Ghost apply'd  
     The blood of Christ to me,  
     To cleanse my guilty soul from sin,  
     And set my spirit free?

9 With me, O heav'n and earth admire  
     Who am of all the race  
     The chiefest sinner, and deserve  
     In hell the hottest place.

10 Yet mercy here and truth can meet,  
     And God can justify,  
     Through Jesus Christ's most precious blood,  
     So vile a wretch as I.

## PAUSE.

11 NO longer then will I lie here,  
     But rise, to praise and pray;  
     And join to sing, while I enjoy  
     A glimpse of heav'nly day.

12 I'll view the glories of the Lord,  
     And serve him all my days:  
     For what he in his essence is,  
     My soul shall sing his praise.

13 His glories bind my soul to him,  
 While them by faith I see,  
 For which adore him, O my soul,  
 And for his gifts to thee.

14 Thanks to the Father for the Son ;  
 To Christ for righteousness ;  
 And to the Holy Spirit, who  
 Bestow'd this heav'nly dress.

15 Lord, give me strength to die to sin,  
 And run the Christian race ;  
 To live to God, and glorify  
 The riches of his grace.

16 My lovely Jesus, while on earth,  
 Arose before 'twas day,  
 And to a solitary place  
 Departed, there to pray.

17 I'll do as did my blessed Lord,  
 His footsteps I will trace ;  
 I long to meet him in the grove,  
 And view his smiling face.

18 And when my soul hath found my love,  
 I'll let him go no more ;  
 But bring him to my Father's house,  
 That all may him adore.

19 Now let all drowsiness be gone,  
 Let me enjoy my Lord,  
 And let my mind be swallow'd up  
 In his eternal word.

20 If meditations all divine  
 At midnight fill my soul,  
 Sleep shall no longer all my pow'r ;  
 And faculties control.

21 But I'll arise, and sing, and pray,  
And spend such hours of joy  
In praising him whose glorious name  
My heart and tongue employ.

22 Yet if my nature should require  
In sleep a little rest ;  
Dear Jesus, let it be no more  
Than thou shalt think is best.

## HYMN 140. Sevens. MADAN'S COLL.

*Tempted, but flying to Christ the refuge.*

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high !

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O receive my soul at last.

3 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.

4 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
All in all, in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

6 Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness,

Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

7 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.

8 Thou of life the fountain art ;  
Freely let me take of thee :  
Spring thou up within my heart ;  
Rise to all eternity.

## HYMN 141. 8 &amp; 7.

*Seekers of the Lord encouraged.*

1 WAND'RING pilgrims, mourning Christians,  
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,  
Who endure great tribulation,  
And with sins are much distress'd ;

2 Christ has sent me to invite you  
To a rich and costly feast ;  
Let not shame nor pride prevent you ;  
Come, the sweet provision taste.

3 If you have a heart lamenting,  
And bemoan your wretched case,  
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,  
He will give you gospel grace.

4 If you want a heart to fear him,  
Love and serve him all your days,  
Only come to Christ and ask him,  
He will guide you in his ways.

5 If your heart is unbelieving,  
Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,  
Lay hard by Bethesda waiting,  
Till the troubled waters move ;

6 If no man appears to help you,  
   All their efforts prove but talk,  
 Jesus, Jesus he will cleanse you ;  
   Rise, take up your bed and walk.

7 If like Peter you are sinking,  
   In the sea of unbelief,  
 Wait with patience, always praying,  
   Christ will send you sweet relief.

8 He will give you grace and glory,  
   All your wants shall be supply'd,  
 Canaan, Canaan lies before you ;  
   Rise, and cross the swelling tide.

9 Death shall not destroy your comfort,  
   Christ shall guard you through the gloom,  
 Down he'll send a heav'ly convoy,  
   To convey you to his home.

10 There you'll spend your days in pleasure,  
   Free from ev'ry want and care ;  
 Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,  
   Fain my spirit would be there.

## HYMN 142. C. M.

ORIGINAL.

*The young convert's meditation respecting a profession of religion.*

1 AND canst thou then believe, my soul,  
   That Jesus is thy friend ?  
 That he his love hath fix'd on thee ?  
   That love which cannot end ?

2 If thou in truth his pow'r hast known,  
   And felt his changing grace,  
 Thy duty 'tis his church to join,  
   And give him all the praise.

3 He says to each regen'rate soul,  
 "Confess thy Saviour God :"  
 His great command I will obey ;  
 I love his holy word.

4 But will the saints, the sons of God,  
 Believe that I, so vile,  
 Have felt thy sovereign love, my Lord,  
 And seen thy gracious smile ?

5 What shall I do, if they refuse,  
 And say I know thee not ?  
 Dear Saviour, wilt *thou* smile on me,  
 If this should be my lot ?

6 My case I humbly leave with thee ;  
 Duty alone is mine !  
 In duty's pleasant path I shall  
 Behold thy heav'nly shine.

7 I'll praise thee through my pilgrimage,  
 With voice and heart and tongue ;  
 "Jesus, my strength and righteousness,"  
 Shall be my cheerful song.

## HYMN 143. H. M.

BURNHAM.

*Knowledge of Christ.*

1 TO know that Christ is mine,  
 To view his smiling face,  
 To see his glory shine,  
 Gives pure and perfect peace ;  
 O may I ever sing, and say,  
 Jesus the Saviour dy'd for ME.

2 To ME, how wondrous kind ;  
 On ME, what blessings fall ;  
 His cross delights my mind ;  
 His love transports my soul :

Whilst on his bosom I recline,  
He tells me all he has is **MINE**.

3 **MINE**, his atoning blood !  
And **MINE**, his righteousness !  
**MINE**, all the grace of God !  
And **MINE**, the gospel peace !  
**MINE**, ev'ry promise in the word !  
And **MINE**, the fullness of the Lord !

4 Jesus, I now adore,  
Salvation now I prove ;  
Lord, may I never more  
Suspect thy dying love ;  
Let none deprive me of this plea,  
“ The great Redeemer dy'd for **ME** ! ”

PAUSE.

5 ALL the converted train  
Know the great Shepherd's voice,  
Feel the Messiah's reign,  
And in his death rejoice :  
The heav'n-born saint shall sing, and say,  
“ The great Redeemer dy'd for **ME**. ”

6 For **ME**, for **ME**, he fills  
The Mediator's throne ;  
For **ME**, he now prevails,  
That blessings may come down ;  
Blessings descend, blessings divine,  
Thus do I prove my Jesus **MINE**.

7 **MINE**, all the fruits of love !  
And **MINE**, the shining throne !  
**MINE**, all the joys above !  
And **MINE**, the glorious crown !  
All Jesus is and **h2s** is **MINE**,  
And I with him shall ever shine.

8 Ye seekers of the Lord,  
 Believe the promise true ;  
 O take him at his word,  
 And sing, 'Tis all for you :  
 Bury your fears in Calv'ry's blood,  
 And shout the dying Lamb of God.

## HYMN 144. P. M.

*All blessings through Christ.*

1 ALMIGHTY Love, inspire  
 Our souls with sacred fire,  
 And animate desire,  
 Our journey to pursue ;  
 To thee we'll join in praises  
 While in these thorny mazes,  
 Until we see thy traces  
 In the ether'al blue.

2 O Jesus, may we rise  
 To thee above the skies,  
 Thy love is what we prize !  
 We're in ourselves undone !  
 No seraph could retrieve us,  
 No angel could redeem us,  
 No creature's arm relieve us,  
 But thy free grace alone.

3 When ruin'd, lost, and dead,  
 He came our Cov'nant Head,  
 And in our room and stead  
 Gave up his soul to God ;  
 By him redeem'd from horror,  
 And everlasting sorrow,  
 We, to his wastless treasure,  
 Have free access by blood.

4 O thou, the sinner's friend,  
 My feeble prayer attend,  
 And save me to the end,  
 From evil that's to come ;  
 O grant to me the favour,  
 Which issues from thy pleasure,  
 And O forsake me never,  
 But take me to thy home.

5 Thy presence here I pray,  
 O do not tell me nay !  
 For here I cannot stay,  
 Unless thou with me dwell !  
 Thou art alone my teacher,  
 And thou my only leader,  
 O thou art my great Saviour,  
 From fear, from sin and hell.

6 But patiently I'll stay,  
 And wait the blessed day,  
 When thou call me away,  
 To mansions bright above ;  
 There to enjoy thy favour,  
 And thy unwasting treasure,  
 And shout in highest measure,  
 The vict'ries of thy love.

## HYMN 145. C. M. DR. DOBDRIDGE.

*Christ precious to the believer.* 1 Peter ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name ;  
 'Tis music to my ear ;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
 That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport, and my trust :

Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish  
In thee most richly meet :  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name  
With my last lab'ring breath ;  
Then dying clasp thee in mine arms,  
The antidote of death.

## HYMN 146. 8 7 4.

*Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. Isaiah iv. 1.*

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore !  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity join'd with power :  
He is able,  
He is willing : doubt no more !

2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome ;  
God's free bounty glorify :  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him :

This he gives you ;  
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the fall !  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all :  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden !  
On the ground your Maker lies !  
On the bloody tree behold him ;  
Hear him cry, before he dies,  
"It is finish'd :"  
Sinner, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo th' incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood :  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude ;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb :  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name.  
Hallelujah !  
Sinners, here, may sing the same.

## HYMN 147. L. M. MADAN'S COLL.

*Glory to God for Christ.*

1 O f him who did salvation bring,  
Lord, may we ever think and sing :  
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive :  
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Eternal Lord, Almighty King,  
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring !  
Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,  
Devils with force, and men with love !

3 To purge our sins, Christ shed his blood,  
He dy'd to bring us near to God :  
Let all the world fall down and know,  
That none but God such love could show.

## HYMN 148. Eights.

NEWTON.

*Creation unsatisfying without Christ.*

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see ;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs  
Have lost all their sweetnes with me.

2 The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

3 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice !  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

5 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind.

6 While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear ;

And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

7 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song ;  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long ?

8 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 149. 5 & 11. MADAN'S COLL.

*Crucifixion to the world.*

1 O TELL me no more  
Of this world's vain store !  
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

2 A country I've found,  
Where true joys abound ;  
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

3 The souls that believe,  
In paradise live ;  
And me in that number will Jesus receive.

4 My soul, don't delay,  
He calls thee away ;  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

5 No mortal doth know  
What he can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort : go after him [go.

6 And when I'm to die,  
" Receive me," I'll cry ;  
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.

7 And now I'm in care  
 My neighbours may share [dare ?  
 These blessings : to seek them will none of you

8 In bondage, O why ?  
 And death, will you lie,  
 When one here assures you free grace is so nigh ?

## HYMN 150. C. M. DR. BALDWIN.

*The year of the redeemed.*

1 COME, welcome this new year of grace,  
 Proclaim'd through Jesus' blood ;  
 The happy year of our release,  
 To seal our peace with God.

2 We early wander'd from our God,  
 In the dark maze of sin ;  
 The year of the redeem'd is come,  
 To bring us back again.

3 We once could spurn at offer'd grace,  
 And slight a Saviour's charms ;  
 The year of the redeem'd is come,  
 To call us to his arms.

4 We hear the gospel's joyful sound  
 Proclaim the jubilee ;  
 The year of the redeem'd is come,  
 To set the ransom'd free.

5 Ye aged saints, who long have sigh'd  
 To see this happy day ;  
 The year of the redeem'd is come,  
 To wipe your tears away.

6 Ye lovely youth, who late have known  
 The sweets of pard'ning grace,  
 The year of the redeem'd demands  
 Your noblest acts of praise.

7 Now you can tell a scoffing world  
 Their threats are all in vain ;  
 The year of the redeem'd is come  
 To recompense your pain.

8 But, O ye careless, Christless souls,  
 Who scorn the happy few !  
 The year of the redeem'd will come,  
 And take them all from you.

9 Then will you mourn, and say at last,  
 " We did instruction hate ;  
 " The year of the redeem'd is past,  
 " And now it is too late."

10 When Gabriel bursts the vaulted tomb,  
 And bids the dead arise,  
 We'll sing the year of the redeem'd,  
 And lift our joyful eyes.

## HYMN 151. S. M.

*The Christian armour.* Eph. vi. 10—18.

1 **S**OUDIERS of Christ, arise,  
 And gird your armour on ;  
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
 Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
 And in his mighty pow'r ;  
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
 Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,  
 With all his strength endu'd ;  
 And take to arm you for the fight,  
 The panoply of God.

4 That having all things done,  
 And all your conflicts past,

Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand secure at last.

5 Stand, then, against your foes,  
In close and firm array;

Legions of wily fiends oppose,  
Throughout the evil day.

6 But meet the sons of night,  
But mock their vain design;

Arm'd in the arms of heav'nly light,  
Of righteousness divine.

7 Leave no unguarded place,  
No weakness of the soul;

Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,  
And fortify the whole.

8 Indissolubly join'd,  
To battle all proceed;  
But arm yourselves with all the mind  
That was in Christ your head.

9 Let truth the girdle be,  
That binds your armour on;  
In faithful, firm sincerity,  
To Jesus cleave alone.

10 Let faith and love combine  
To guard your valiant breast;  
The plate be righteousness divine,  
Imputed and imprest.

11 Still let your feet be shod,  
Ready his will to do;  
Ready, in all the ways of God,  
His glory to pursue.

12 Ruin is spread beneath;  
The gospel shoes put on;  
And safe, through all the snares of death,  
To life eternal run.

## PAUSE.

13 YOUR rock can never shake ;  
 Hither, he faith, come up ;  
 The helmet of salvation take,  
 The confidence of hope.

14 Hope for his perfect love,  
 Hope for his people's rest,  
 Hope to sit down with Christ above,  
 And share the marriage feast.

15 Brandish in faith, till then,  
 The Spirit's two-edg'd sword,  
 Hew all the snares of fiends and men  
 In pieces with the word.

16 Ready for all alarms,  
 Stedfastly set your face,  
 And always exercise your arms,  
 And use your ev'ry grace.

17 Pour out your souls to God,  
 And bow them with your knees,  
 And spread your hearts and hands abroad,  
 And pray for Zion's peace.

18 Your guides and brethren, bear  
 Forever on your mind :  
 Extend the arms of mighty pray'r  
 In grasping all mankind.

19 From strength to strength go on,  
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;  
 Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,  
 And win the well-fought day.

20 Still let the Spirit cry,  
 In all his soldiers, " Come ;"  
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,  
 And takes the conquerors home.

## HYMN 152. S. M.

*Evening hymn.*

1 THE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear ;  
O may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near,

2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest !  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,  
And view th' unweari'd sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

## HYMN 153. Eights.

*The union.*

1 FROM whence does this union arise,  
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?  
It fastens our souls with such ties,  
That distance nor time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a paradise lost ;  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends all so dear are to me,  
Our souls so united in love,  
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Oh ! why then so loth now to part,  
Since we shall ere long meet again ?  
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,  
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,  
And join with the angels above,  
Releas'd from vile bodies of clay,  
Our souls shall be fill'd with his love.

6 With him we shall evermore reign,  
His loftiest glory shall see,  
And sing, Hallelujah, amen ;  
Amen, even so let it be.

## HYMN 154. L. P. M.

*The gate of heaven.* Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.

1 **L**O, God is here ! let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place !  
Let all within us feel his pow'r,  
And silent bow before his face :  
Who knows his pow'r, his grace who prove,  
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.

2 Lo, God is here ! Him day and night  
Th' united choirs of angels sing ;  
To him, enthron'd above all height,  
Heav'n's host their noblest praises bring :  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

3 Being of beings, may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;

Still may we stand before thy face,  
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will ;  
 To thee may all our thoughts arise,  
 Ceaseless accepted sacrifice.

HYMN 155. S. M. ORIGINAL.

*The expiring reprobate.*

1    **A**H ! whence that hollow groan ?

It comes from yonder bed :

2    **A** gasping rebel sinks opprest ;

His joys and hopes are fled !

3    **T**hat awful scene arrives,

Which impiously he dar'd ;

4    **H**e now must stand before his Judge,

And knows he's not prepar'd !

5    **S**ee what a clammy sweat

Bedews his pallid face !

6    **E**ach feature now is sadly chang'd ;

No comfort there we trace !

7    **T**hose eyes, suffus'd with tears,

Are cast with anguish down ;

To heav'n he dares not lift them up,

Expecting thence a frown !

8    **H**is tongue and quiv'ring lips

Their silence strangely keep ;

9    **N**or rail, nor scoff at humble souls,

Because for sin they weep.

10    **N**o more with blasphemy

His rattling throat distends :

11    **F**orgotten now his noisy mirth,

And all his mirthful friends !

12    **H**is tortur'd mind no more

On trifles now can rest ;

He seeks relief from weeping friends,  
But feels the more distress.

8 Midst sobs, and doubts, and fears  
I saw him breathe his last !

Forthwith to God, the righteous Judge,  
Th' immortal spirit pass'd !

9 Come ye, who loudly boast,  
And make a mock at sin,  
Who eager join the revel rout,  
To take new pleasures in ;

10 See what a baleful end  
Awaits your mad career !

Turn, and forsake your darling sins,  
Whilst mercy still is near.

## HYMN 156. S. M.

ORIGINAL.

*The expiring saint.*

1 I SEE the pleasant bed  
Where lies the dying saint :  
Though in the icy arms of death,  
He utters no complaint.

2 His aspect is serene ;  
He smiles in joyful hope ;  
He knows that arm on which he rests  
Is an unfailing prop.

3 He lifts his eyes in love  
To his Almighty Friend,  
Whose pow'r from ev'ry fear secures,  
And guards him to the end.

4 He speaks of dying love,  
Which his kind Lord display'd ;  
And trusts, though conquer'd now by death,  
He shall like him be made.

5 He knows his Saviour dy'd,  
And from the dead arose :  
He looks for vict'ry o'er the grave,  
And death, the last of foes.

6 His happy soul is wash'd  
In sin-atoning blood :  
Exulting in eternal love,  
He wings his way to God !

7 Is this the blessed end  
Of those who love the Lord ?  
Then will I leave the sinner's way,  
And hear the Saviour's word.

8 The Saviour's word of grace  
Is strong, the soul to save :  
On him I'll trust in life and death,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

## HYMN 157. P. M. MADAN'S COLL.

*The last judgment. Rev. xi. 15—19.*

1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe,  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;  
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,  
He's welcome to the faithful soul ;  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
Welcome to the faithful soul.

2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,  
See th' Almighty Jesus crown'd !  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the Saviour's face ;  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own :

The kingdoms all obey his word,  
 And hail him their triumphant Lord ;  
     Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,  
     Hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the sky,  
 And all the saints of the Most High :  
 Our God, who now his right obtains,  
 Forever and forever reigns ;  
     Ever, ever, ever, ever,  
     Ever and forever reigns.

5 The Father praise, the Son adore,  
 The Spirit bless for evermore ;  
 Salvation's glorious work is done,  
 We welcome thee, great Three in One ;  
     Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
     Welcome thee, great Three in One.

## HYMN 158. S. M.

ORIGINAL.

*Conference meeting.*

1   LET each believer hear  
     The word which Jesus says,—  
 “Wherever two or three appear,  
     “ In pray'r to join and praise ;

2   “ My presence fills the place,  
     “ My blessing shall descend ;  
 “ From all distressing fears, my grace  
     “ And love shall you defend.”

3   The truth of thy good word  
     Our hearts have often felt :  
 To thee alone we look, dear Lord,  
     Our stoney hearts to melt.

4   When thou art pleas'd to cheer,  
     And fill our souls with peace,

We're sav'd from ev'ry slavish fear,  
And straight our joys increase.

5 All evil then departs :  
We join to sing and pray ;  
Mounting above, our willing hearts  
In love would soar away.

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HYMN 159. 7 & 6, peculiar.

*View of Christ.*

1 O BRETHREN, don't you view him ?  
O brethren, don't you view him ?  
O brethren, don't you view him  
Most precious to your souls ?  
Then rise and give him glory,  
Then rise and give him glory,  
Then rise and give him glory,  
For glory is his due.

2 O sisters, don't you view him ?  
O sisters, don't you view him ?  
O sisters, don't you view him  
Most precious to your souls ?  
Then rise and give him glory,  
Then rise and give him glory,  
Then rise and give him glory,  
For glory is his due.

3 We're on our way to glory,  
We're on our way to glory,  
We're on our way to glory,  
To th' New Jerusalem :  
We'll shout and give him glory,  
We'll shout and give him glory,  
We'll shout and give him glory,  
When we arrive at home.

## HYMN 160. L. M.

CENNICK.

*Jesus Christ the way to God.* John xiv. 6.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The king's highway of holiness  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,  
No lover of the world and sin,  
No lion, no devouring care,  
No sin nor sorrow shall be there.
- 4 No, nothing may go up thereon,  
But trav'lling souls, and I am one ;  
Way-faring men, to Canaan bound,  
Shall only in the way be found.
- 5 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief, my burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 6 The more I strove against its pow'r,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
" Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 7 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, bless'd Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am ;  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 8 Then will I tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, " Behold the way to God."

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Hymn 128 is a  
version of the old anti-  
pilgrim of "I say my ver-  
se John."

139 in Johnson's  
1808 edition

